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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

GENERAL JAMES CLARK STRONG

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

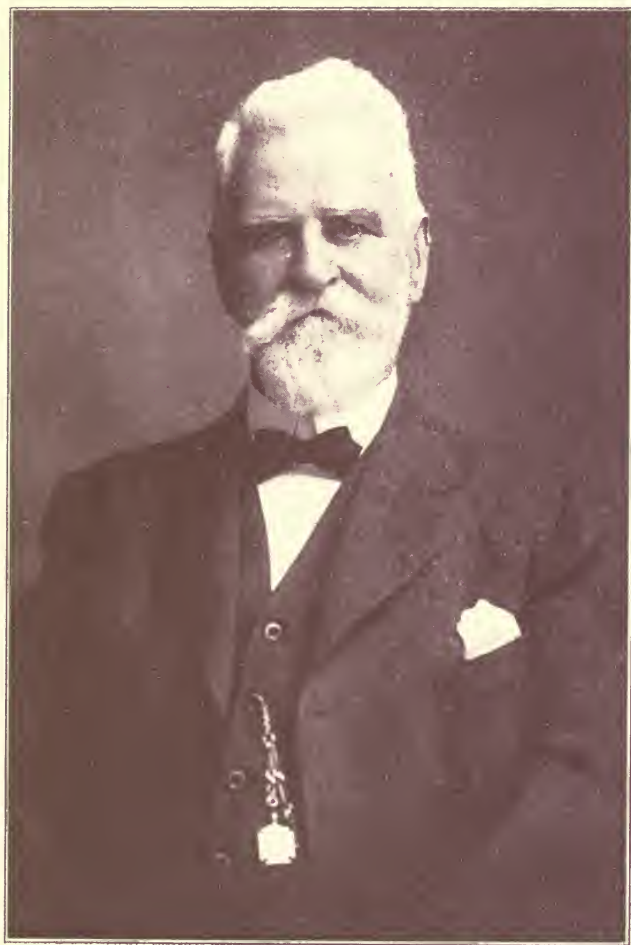


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JAMES CLARK STRONG

This picture taken on eighty-fourth birthday
1910

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JAMES CLARK STRONG, 1826 -
Colonel and Brigadier General, by Brevet.

Los Gatos, Santa Clara County,
California.

1910

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BY

JAMES CLARK STRONG

DEDICATION

This Biographical Sketch is affectionately
dedicated to my loving wife

EMILY K. STRONG

Who is still with me, and has been my faithful
companion for over fifty years,

and to our children

JEAN D. STRONG

EDWARD CLARK STRONG

STUART EFNER STRONG

PREFACE

This Biographical Sketch is written at the request of my family, and is written in a free, off-hand manner without any attempt at style or literary merit.

I may be mistaken as to the date of some of the incidents narrated and also in their chronological order in some cases, but that—it seems to me—can, and will be overlooked.

If anyone desires to know more of the history of my ancestors I refer them to Rev. B. H. Dwight's History of the Strong family, printed by Joel Munsell, Albany, N. Y., 1871. Our branch comes through; 1st, Elder John Strong; 2d, Jedediah; 3rd, Preserved; 4th, Noah; 5th, Adonijah, who was my grandfather. He was a Colonel in the Revolutionary War, and was made Commissary General of the Army in the New England States, by General Washington.

My mother's family is given in the "Genealogy of the Stoddard family, originally compiled by Charles Stoddard and Elijah W. Stoddard and published in 1849. Revised and enlarged by Elijah W. Stoddard, and re-published in 1865. Press of J. M. Bradstreet & Son, 8 Spruce Street, New York."

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REV. HENRY PIERCE STRONG
1785 - 1835

CHAPTER I

FATHER.

My father, REV. HENRY PIERCE STRONG, was born in Salisbury, Connecticut, Feb. 23, 1785, graduated at Yale College, class of 1807, and at the Andover Theological Seminary in 1810; married Nov. 6, 1810, LAURA STODDARD CLARK, daughter of James Clark, and Hannah Stoddard, born in Danbury, Connecticut, Nov. 3, 1786.

In Andover, father and Professor Moses Stuart, (grandfather of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward), became very warm friends, and married sisters. Prof. Stuart was five years older than father, and mother's sister, Abigail, (whom he married), was five years older than mother.

Father settled and preached in New York City, and at several places in the New England States until he lost his voice from a bronchial difficulty which compelled him to retire from the ministry. He then moved to Vienna (now Phelps), Ontario County, N. Y., where he bought a farm and began farming, and here it was that I was born, May 6, 1826.

After a few years, father regained his voice sufficiently to preach again, and took charge of the church there, as well as the one at Oaks Corners, four miles distant.

His farm consisted of eighty acres, and for some distance along where the house stood, joined the boundary line of the

village, so we did not have to go more than about two blocks to reach the church, in the basement of which was held the Sunday School, which we all had to attend, from the time we were old enough to walk, and recite the seven verses we had learned during the week, for it was the rule in father's house for each child to learn one verse of the Bible every day. I remember his giving me a dollar,—which was a large sum of money for a little boy to have,—for reading the Bible through.

Between our house and the village line father had a fine garden and on the sides of one of the walks had planted some tomatoes, although they were then thought to be poisonous to eat. He would let us boys play with them by rolling them in the walk, but told us, that should one break, not to touch it with our hands, but scrape it up with the shingle he gave us for that purpose and throw it over the fence.

I remember the first time I saw tomatoes on the table as an edible vegetable, which was quite a while after father's death.

In those days the use of intoxicating liquors was not considered wrong by the great majority of people, even ministers of the Gospel used them, but father did not entertain that idea and never used them. He would make a bargain with the men he hired to mow the hay,—it was then all done by hand—that he would pay them a certain sum more than the going wages per day, if they would not use any intoxicating liquor while working for him. I have heard my older brothers say that father made money by that arrangement as

the men would do more work, and could be relied upon to be on hand more regularly than the men on other farms who were paid less cash, and supplied with the customary amount of liquor.

At Rushville, on the County line between Ontario and Yates Counties, and twenty miles distant from Vienna, lived my father's warm friend, Rev. Joseph Brackett, who had married a relative of my mother's. Mr. Brackett was taken sick and asked father to supply his pulpit during his illness, which he did.

Mr. Brackett died in September, 1832, and father was asked to assume charge of the church. This he did, but did not move his family to Rushville, until May 6, 1833, the day I was seven years old.

A short time before he moved to Rushville was the only time he ever punished me. I had been sent to school and had done something the lady teacher thought deserved punishment, and I have no doubt she was right, although I do not remember what it was; she placed me between two negro girls about my own age and put one of their bonnets on my head. While in this, to me, disgraceful predicament, two ladies came in to visit the school, and while the teacher was attending to them, I jerked off the bonnet and ran down the stairs.

The punishment father gave me was to take off my clothes, wrap me in a blanket, and hold me under the cistern pump, while my oldest brother pumped the water on to me; then he carried me into the house and put me to bed. He did not send me back to that school, however, either because we were

about to move to Rushville, or because he did not blame me much for running away.

Father died in Rushville on August 28, 1835. The death of my father, when I was but nine years of age, was the greatest loss I ever suffered. He was a kind father, was highly educated, and very studious. At the time of his death, I had been studying Latin nearly two years, and although he was a very strict, puritanical man, I never felt afraid to ask him questions about my studies.

When father died, he left mother money enough which put at interest brought her \$310.00 a year, also ten acres of land with a very comfortable house upon it, in Rushville, and it was here she lived for many years.

As this is but a sketch of *my* life, I will only mention those of my brothers who particularly come into it, except to show how many I had, and how mother was situated at the time this sketch begins.

HENRY STRONG, M. D., my oldest brother, was married and living in Mississippi, when father died. He had attended Hamilton College, N. Y., but left prior to graduation. He obtained his medical education at the medical college in Louisville, Ky. His first wife dying, he married again, and prior to the Civil War, moved his family to Rockford, Ill. He was a noted physician and surgeon, and his fame as such spread far and wide.

When the Civil War broke out, he was commissioned a Major, in the Medical Corps, and ordered to report to General Sherman, which he did, and served on his staff to the end

of the war. General Sherman and he became very warm friends, sometimes joking upon their relationship. The Doctor was nine years older than the General, a strong Union man, and on his mother's side was fourth, and the General fifth, removed from a common parent; a relationship far too distant to be claimed, or even spoken of, unless it connected one with a great and noble man like General William T. Sherman.

GEORGE PERRINE STRONG, next younger than brother Henry, attended Hamilton College, but left prior to graduating, went to Mississippi, taught school, married, and studied law. Prior to the breaking out of the Civil War, moved his family to St. Louis, Mo., where he continued the practice of law, during the remainder of his life. He never lived at the Rushville home.

WILLIAM STRONG was next younger than brother George. He never lived at the Rushville home, graduated at Yale College, class of 1838, studied law, married and settled in Cleveland, Ohio. He enters into my life more than either of the two older ones, and I shall have more to say about him later on.

JOHN CALVIN STRONG was next younger than brother William. He was eight years older than myself, fitted for college at Canandaigua, N. Y., taught school, entered Yale College in 1838, graduated class of 1842, studied law, married in 1847, and began the practice of law in Geneva, N. Y.

Thinking he could do better in a larger place, moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and continued the practice of his profession there during the remainder of his life, so he was not much at

the Rushville home; in fact, never lived there after father's death.

As he enters largely into my life I shall have more to say about him later on.

THOMAS STRONG was next younger than brother John, and four years older than myself. He remained at home and did his full share of the work, and mother kept him at school just as she did me, and we had lots of fun together. He never studied the languages, and why father did not make him study Latin, as he did all the older boys and myself, I do not know, unless it was because he saw that the trend of his mind was all for music.

In the summer of 1837, he unfortunately had a heavy bar fall on the instep of one of his feet, which laid him up for quite a long time. After he became perfectly well, apparently, he went in swimming, caught cold, and rheumatism set in, from which he was a great sufferer all the rest of his life. Sometimes he would be better for a while, and then again be under the doctor's care, suffering great pain.

Thus matters went on until brother Henry wrote mother to send him to Mississippi, hoping the climate might benefit him. This she did, but it did not do him as much good as they had hoped it would.

He was passionately fond of music, was a sweet and powerful singer, and mother bought a piano for him, which he learned to play, and made some money giving public concerts.

After mother died, Thomas lived with brother Henry at

Rockford, until death called him to that "Haven of Rest" where all sufferings cease.

He died very suddenly. One morning at the breakfast table, after brother Henry's second wife had died, and Henry was away, one of his little boys was crying because the cook had failed to have a piece of pie ready for his lunch at school, and brother Thomas had quieted him, and made him very happy by saying, "Never mind, Newtie, Uncle Tom will get you a nice, big red apple." Soon after when he started to rise to get the apple he was taken with a spasm, seized the arms of his chair, and was dead in less than ten minutes. He was never married.

CHARLES STRONG—three years younger than myself. He was but six years old when father died, and lived at the Rushville home until he left for Oregon in rather a peculiar way.

One time brother John, while living in Geneva, which was only sixteen miles from Rushville, was home visiting mother, when at the dinner table, Charlie said, "If I had ten dollars I would go to Oregon." "Don't let that stop you, Charlie," said brother John, at the same time handing him ten dollars. "All right, I'll go," said Charlie.

When mother saw that he really meant it, she strenuously objected but after Charlie had left the room, John told her that he would get no farther than New York before he would be out of money and write for some to come home with, and he would send it to him, that the experience would do Charlie good, etc., etc. So mother let him go.

When Charlie reached New York, he strolled around the

docks until he found a vessel loading for San Francisco, and went to work checking on freight. He was always a very jolly fellow, and by the time the vessel was ready to sail, he had worked himself into the good graces of the captain to such an extent that he was shipped as Captain's Clerk.

On rounding Cape Horn, the vessel was so nearly wrecked by a storm that they had great difficulty in keeping her afloat, and when they reached Valparaiso, Chili, the captain turned her over to the Underwriters.

After a while, through the friendship and influence of the captain, he procured a position on another vessel to San Francisco and from there had little or no difficulty in reaching Oregon.

He remained there two or three years, then returned to the State of New York and married.

During the Civil War, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Company K, 6th Reg't U. S. Vols., and served one and a half years guarding the Engineers surveying the first route for a railroad across the plains to California, and was then mustered out.



LAURA STODDARD CLARK STRONG

1786 - 1861

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER.

My mother descended from ANTHONY STODDARD, of whom the historian says:

"The name Stoddard is derived from the office of Standard-Bearer, and was anciently written, De-La-Standard. In the office of Heraldry, England, the following origin of the Stoddard Family is found:

"WILLIAM STODDARD, a knight, came from Normandy to England, A. D. 1066, with William the Conqueror, who was his cousin. Of his descendants we find record of"—(here the historian mentions quite a number, among whom is) "ANTHONY STODDARD, of London, who emigrated to Boston, about 1639." He was my mother's progenitor.

Mother was a kind, loving mother, and kept me at home and at school in the village, earning what I could, for all schooling had to be paid for as there were no *free* schools then,—and she was not left rich—until the spring of 1838, when she put me out to work on a farm at \$3.00 a month, which was good wages in those days for a boy only twelve years old.

This farm was about six miles from home, if I went cross lots, and the farmer allowed me to walk home once in a while, on Saturday afternoon, but I must be back by milking time

Monday morning. He had six cows, of which he milked four, and I two.

There were no matches on the farms in the western part of the country in those days, and as our bed of coals had gone out one morning, I had to go to the nearest neighbor's, at least a half mile away, to get some coals with which to kindle the fire. It was considered a great invention when sulphur matches came into use; these were made of fine splinters of dry pine, about four inches long, one end of which was dipped about half an inch in melted sulphur, and when that dried, they could be laid away until needed, then all one had to do to get a fire was to light some punk with a flint and steel, touch the sulphur match to it, which would blaze, then light a candle and take your time at building a fire. They had been used at the East, and in villages, but not on farms in the West.

Candles were all dipped at that time, and it was quite a knack to be a good candle maker, for one had to use his own judgment as to how many times to dip, to make the candle the right size for the wick, to prevent its smoking. Brothers Thomas, Charley and myself made all the candles mother used, and we thought it a great invention when candle molds came into use. We could then make a dozen at a time, and always the same size, so we had no trouble with smoky candles after getting the right sized wick for our molds.

Just before my six months was ended, Mother lost her cow, and was greatly worried as to how she could get another. One day the farmer said, "Jimmy! I hear your mother has lost her cow, and if she wants you to take old brindle for

your pay you may take her, although she is worth \$20 and your wages will amount to but \$18, but you have been a good boy and I will give her to your mother for your wages." So I drove the brindle cow home, and I guess it would have required a modern search-light of the highest power to have found a prouder twelve year old boy in the whole State of New York.

During the next winter Mother heard that a daughter of a friend of hers had married, and was living with her husband on a farm about twelve miles from Rushville, and that they wanted a boy about my age to work for them, and thinking that would be a good place, sent me there in the spring to work at \$3 per month. I had not been there long before I wished I was somewhere else, anywhere I thought would be better than where that woman was. The man was kind and good, but the woman was a virago. She made me wash all the flannels and stockings, mop the floors, and do all the mean work about the house. She was very sweet and lovely to her husband when anyone was around, but a fearful tyrant when there wasn't. She had him so covered that he did not dare oppose her in the slightest particular.

I tried to write mother but was never allowed to send the letter. Thus matters went until the 3rd of July, when mother sent one of my brothers to bring me home to spend the 4th. I then told her what kind of work I had had to do and that I didn't like it.

I found, however, that the woman had kept mother posted as to my health, saying I was well and happy, and was a good

boy. Then with my brother she sent a letter to mother saying she hoped nothing would prevent her sending me back to work out my six months.

Mother listened to my complaints and then said that it was a boy's duty to obey his employer, and to do the work his employer wanted done, and that I must go back and finish the six months.

I knew there was no appeal from her decision, and on the next Monday morning I went back.

Matters went on again about as before for some time, until a little incident happened which mortified her exceedingly, for she wanted the neighbors to think her the "pink of perfection."

The cows were in the habit of coming up at night to the barn-yard; to do this they had to come through a long lane from the pasture. One night one of them, a new one they had just purchased, did not come up, and the woman told me to go and find her. I went and looked thoroughly through the pasture, but, not finding the cow, came back. She saw me coming up the lane without the cow, met me at the barn-yard, and said, "You go right back and find that cow, and don't you come home 'till you do find her." I had been working all day and was tired and hungry, and said, "I want my supper first." She then said, "You shan't have any supper 'till you find that cow, and mind you, don't you come home without her."

I went back, looked all around but could not find the cow. At the farther end of the pasture was a swamp and finding a

piece of the fence broken down I thought possibly the cow might have gone into that, so I went in there quite a distance where I found a little island high and dry, on which was a large hollow log that had probably been cut down some years before as a bee tree. It was nearly dark, so I took the long stick I had been carrying to help me jump from bog to bog, and cleaned out the hollow, which was plenty large enough for me to crawl into, then gathered a lot of brush and placed it before the entrance and crawled in feet first, drawing the brush after me, thus stopping up the entrance, so that no squirrel, toad or even snake could get in. I felt so very tired that it was not long before I was sound asleep. When I saw daylight through the brush, I knew it must be morning, crawled out, began looking again for the cow, and, fortunately finding her in a ravine in some woods, drove her home. On nearing the barnyard I was surprised to see three or four men near the house and when they saw me, all came to meet me, the woman rushing up and throwing her arms around my neck, kissing and hugging me almost to death, covering me with endearing and loving epithets. One of the neighbors asked me why I didn't come back last night. "Because *she* told me not to come back until I found the cow, and said she wouldn't give me any supper if I did." I was asked where I stayed all night, etc., and I told them. These were neighbors who had gathered to go out and hunt further through the swamp for me, and it mortified her very much to have them hear my story.

I learned afterwards that the woman's husband and one

of the neighbors had been out all night hunting for me, firing guns, blowing horns and calling me, fearing I had gotten mired in the swamp, and that she had not gone to bed that night at all. She treated me much better after this, so I came to the conclusion that my night in the hollow log in the swamp was really a blessing in disguise as far as I was concerned. Mother sent for me when my time was out, and I had the satisfaction of handing her the eighteen dollars.

During the next winter some one told mother that I could make more money peddling books and getting subscriptions for papers than I could farming, and that they could get authority for me to solicit subscriptions for some New York papers on commission.

It was now nearly spring and hardly time to make all the arrangements, and as this year, 1840, was a presidential election year, it might not be a good one to start in that business, and as I, after my last experience, objected so strenuously to being put out on a farm again mother concluded to have me stay at home, and she would get things ready for next year.

That summer I spent earning what I could at odd jobs, and by driving horses on thrashing machines for farmers nearby, at twenty-five cents a day, and when not at work, mother kept me reviewing my lessons, for she was one of those who did not believe in letting a boy be idle, and after General Harrison was nominated for president I spent some of my time riding in processions with other boys, singing, "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," which was great fun.

When the fall term commenced I started in school again,

but getting provoked at the teacher, came home one day and told mother, "I don't want to go to school any more." I had a little touch of the disease called "big head", and thought I had enough schooling. Mother, after trying to reason me into changing my mind, and failing, said, "Well, you must learn some kind of business, then; no boy of mine shall grow up a know-nothing if I can help it."

I still remaining obdurate, she made an arrangement that very afternoon with a blacksmith whose shop was not far from our house to take me. I learned afterwards that it was understood between them that he should make me work very hard, and not let me come home, or play with any of the boys during work hours. He carried out mother's wishes to the letter, and I was so tired every night when I went home that I wanted to go to bed instead of going out with any of the boys.

In about a week my pride gave way, and I told mother that I would rather go to school. "Oh, no!" she said, "I can't have a boy whiffling around like that and changing his mind every few days. You had a chance to go to school, and I told you how it would be, but you made your choice, contrary to my advice, and you must stick to it." I felt pretty sad when I went back to work the next day, and every night I would beg of mother to let me quit and not learn the business, promising her that I would always study after that, if she would only let me go to school again.

When it came the second Saturday night, the blacksmith told me that my mother had asked him to let me stop working

for him, and go back to school, and he hoped I would be a good boy, and study hard.

Monday morning saw me back at school. I had to stand a good many jeers from some of the boys, who had been over and seen me in the shop and who taunted me by saying I hadn't pluck enough to stand hard work, but that was better than not coming back to school.

During that winter my mother's friends had procured authority for me to obtain subscriptions for some New York papers, and when it came pretty good going in the spring, mother let me take her horse and became security for what books I might need at a book store in Canandaigua. I made a water proof box that just fitted into the buggy, and on one Monday morning started out, a fifteen-year-old book peddler, most always returning home on Saturday afternoon.

I kept at this business two summers, having a good deal of time to read,—of which I became very fond—much more than I could have had had I been working on a farm. Besides, it was an experience well worth having, one that could not be had in these days. I always stopped over night at some farm house, and being a little fellow, the family did not seem to mind my being present, and I saw a great deal of home life, without any veneer on it.

Before I became well acquainted with my different routes I would sometimes reach a house where I expected to stay over night, and find they had no room for me, and if it was too late to go on, I would sleep on the hay in the barn; after I learned my routes I had no trouble. Each fall when the

roads became bad, I went home, settled up all my accounts for books and papers, and again began going to school. At the end of the second summer, I had much more money than ever before, besides having acquired a good deal of experience and self-confidence, which was of great value to me in after life.

CHAPTER III.

DOCTOR MARCUS WHITMAN.

I mention Dr. Marcus Whitman—the missionary who established the Whitman mission in Oregon—in this sketch, as he it was who first created the desire in me to go to Oregon, which tended greatly to mold my future life.

His mother was a member of my father's church in Rushville, and other members of his family also lived there, with whom I was well acquainted; in short, he himself was born there.

In the spring of 1843, on his return to Oregon, from Washington and Boston, after making that memorable ride across the continent during the winter of 1842 and 1843, he came to Rushville to see his mother, and while there gave a talk in the old church, telling of the missionary work among the Indians. He described the Indians, the country and the climate so vividly that when he said he wanted to get as many as he could to go back with him to settle in the country, I asked him to take me, but he said he wanted only married men, and as I lacked a month or more of being seventeen years old, and, of course, unmarried, I did not fill the requirements, but I became so deeply interested that I resolved to go there as soon as I could. It took me seven years to carry out that resolution, as will be seen later on.

Several of us boys were very much interested in what he

told us about the two Indian boys, John I-ce, and Richard Tac-a-tu-i-tis, the ones he brought back with him from Oregon and left at Rushville during the winter of 1835 and 1836, while he went East and married. They attended the same school we did and we became much interested in them.

I called upon Dr. Whitman the next day and asked him many questions about the Indians, and he, seeing how earnest I was, said, "The Indians need good doctors and if after you have finished your education and studied medicine, you want to come, we should be glad to have you." This gave me an idea as to how I might get to Oregon.

I had expected to resume peddling books again that summer, but, before it was time to get ready, something occurred which changed my plans materially.

A little east of Rushville was a district school that employed a man teacher winters, and a woman teacher summers. Last winter the boys had thrown the teacher out of the school house and broken up the school.

Two or three of that school board were warm friends of my mother, and members of the same church. One day I heard them say they had not found any one who would take the school for the summer on account of the rough boys. I asked them what they would pay me. They smiled at first, but when they saw I was really in earnest, said that if I would agree to charge nothing in case I failed to keep the school, they would pay me so much, mentioning the amount. They had all known me from childhood. In those days it was the custom to have the teachers board around through the dis-

trict, which I did not wish to do, and boarding at home would be of great advantage to me, as it would give me much time to study. After awhile we agreed upon a price, I to board at home, which I thought would be better for me than peddling books, taking into account the advantage of being at home. Mother thought so, too.

I had but few scholars the first week and no trouble. One morning the second week, three large boys came, being the same who had thrown the teacher out of the school house the winter before. I could have handled either of them alone, but the three combined could easily have handled me. They did not bring any books. In a short time I saw by their actions there was trouble brewing, but being "forewarned is forearmed," and I was ready for them. I had placed a bundle of good whips in my desk, and a revolver, loaded with a light charge of powder, and a quantity of salt, instead of bullets, in my coat pocket. It was not long before they were whispering and laughing. I told them to be still. They laughed at me, and one of them picked up an inkstand to throw at me, but I was too quick for him, and drawing my revolver, cocking it, and pointing it straight at him told him I would shoot if he attempted to throw that inkstand. He could see the bright caps on the revolver, which showed that it was loaded. The sight of a revolver was something far out of the ordinary and probably had never been seen in a schoolhouse, and had a very quieting effect upon all three. I then told them that I had heard of their throwing the teacher out of the schoolhouse last winter, and that he ought to have shot every one of them;

that the law would have justified him if he had, and that I was prepared, and would shoot every one who attempted to attack me, that I was going to teach this school, and rather than be thrown out of the schoolhouse or have the school broken up, I would shoot every one of them. I then ordered the one who had seized the inkstand to come out onto the floor. He looked surprised and hesitated, but, after receiving assurances from me, in very sharp language, that he would be shot if he didn't, and seeing the revolver cocked and pointed straight at him, he came. I made him take off his coat, and get upon his knees, and with revolver in one hand, and whip in the other I gave him a good thrashing, keeping my eye well on the other two, also. After I was through and he had arisen and put on his coat, I told him he might go home now, if he wished, of which permission he immediately took advantage. When recess came the other two went home and I saw no more of any of them. Before the summer was over I had fifty scholars, which was more than had ever attended the school before either winter or summer.

I am sure had I not had the revolver and had I not presented such a determined front, I would have been thrown out of that schoolhouse. I did not tell anyone except the schoolboard that it was loaded with salt instead of bullets. They did not blame me, and very few, not connected with the school ever heard of the revolver incident. I had a very pleasant summer, and in the fall began going to school again.

Early the next spring, my brother William,—who, after graduating at Yale College, married and settled in Cleveland,

Ohio—sent for me. I had spoken to him of my desire to study medicine and to go to Oregon where Dr. Whitman was. He said he could now get me a place in a drug store of a friend of his, so I went to Cleveland.

He was acquainted with an old doctor living there by the name of Gregory, who said to me—a short time before I was to enter the drug store, “Mr. Strong, I think you are just the person my son wants, and it will be a good job for you all summer, and will pay you twenty dollars a month and all expenses.”

I learned that his son, Dr. Charles Gregory, living at Sand Lake, a little east of Troy, N. Y., had been putting Gregory’s Pills upon the market for many years and gotten rich enough to take them up through the country and confine his business entirely to wholesale houses; that he had had a man traveling with this object in view for two years, but when he started out this spring an accident happened which injured him so severely that he could not proceed farther on the trip.

I accepted the offer, went to Sand Lake, and was instructed in what I was to do. My equipment was most complete, consisting of a very fine horse, harness and buggy, so thoroughly curtained that I could ride all day in the rain, if necessary, without getting wet. I carried nothing but notes, with a memorandum book giving me the name of every place I was to visit, the number of miles each was from the other, and the name of the person or persons I was to see there. My instructions were just as brief and to the point: “Never carry much money, send it to me by drafts on New York as often as you

can. Write to me once or twice a week. Always stop at first class hotels, as a matter of safety, and always have your buggy and harness kept clean and bright; that a fresh package of notes, and a memorandum book would be sent me to different cities."

I started; drove a zigzag route through the State of New York, northern Pennsylvania, and Ohio. Just after reaching Indiana, I found a man whose note I had for ninety dollars, had sold his drug store, and with his household goods almost packed, was about ready to move his family to west of the Mississippi river. He refused to pay the note, but by threatening to put it into the hands of a lawyer, I prevailed upon him to give me a horse for it. I then changed the single harness and shafts for a double one and pole, and drove the remainder of my route, on through Indiana into Illinois, then back by an entirely different route to Sand Lake, having driven between three and four thousand miles, and my collections amounted to a large sum of money. I was between five and six months on the road. The doctor was pleased with the new horse and complimented me for having been so successful in my collections, and especially in collecting that bad debt, and said that it was evident that after I began to drive two horses to the light buggy, I had made better time. After settling all the business matters with him he asked, "Well now, how much do I owe you?"

I had spent some twenty dollars of my salary, and on figuring the amount. I deducted what I had expended, and then passed the paper to the doctor, who soon handed me the

whole amount without any deduction, saying, "You have done so well for me that I will make you a present of that amount." He then gave me enough more to pay my expenses back to Rushville.

I now had money enough to resume my studies preparatory to entering college, so did not return to Cleveland, but spent the winter studying.

CHAPTER IV.

Early the next spring I went with my friend Henry M. Brackett, son of Rev. Joseph Brackett, to attend Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass. I had gone through all the books required to enter college, but as I had been so interrupted, and had studied some of them without a teacher, I was told it would be better for me to finish at some school of accredited standing, so I went there with my friend. My father, and two of my brothers had graduated at Yale, and it was my ambition to graduate at the same college.

The only railroad anywhere near there at that time was the Boston and Albany. We ought to have stopped at Westfield, but instead, went on to Springfield, and put up at "Uncle Jerry's hotel," so called. This gave rise to a little episode connected with my life at Williston Seminary or I should not mention it. We asked to have our trunks taken up to our room, but as they were very heavy, having all our books as well as clothing in them, and, as we were to stay but one night, the porter objected, and I spoke to "Uncle Jerry" about it. They were piled with quite a large number of others in the hall, and when he came and looked at them, said, "Oh! never mind, boys, they will be perfectly safe here," and with some misgivings we retired. In the morning my trunk was missing. It had been claimed through mistake by a passenger and taken off on the Vermont stage. "Uncle Jerry" patted me on the back and said "It will be back soon, I've sent after it; eat,

drink and be merry, my boy, 'till your trunk comes, it won't cost you anything."

It was then arranged that Brackett should go to Easthampton, find a room for us, and that I would come as soon as my trunk returned. This he did, and I had a gay time for a boy, stopping at one of the best hotels in Springfield, at no expense, and spending my time wandering over the city, looking at all the sights, but day after day passed until it began to be wearisome, so I told "Uncle Jerry" that I wanted to go to Easthampton and see how things were. He at once sent me there (some 16 or 18 miles), in a buggy, saying, "I will pay your board until your books come."

I found Brackett had a room for us at Mr. Snow's boarding house, which stood on the road that led toward the Connecticut river, and was just beyond the church.

The first evening after my arrival, a young man by the name of Sprague, whose room was directly opposite ours, came in to see us, and told us that we must look out for a tall, thin fellow by the name of Spencer, who roomed in the same hall and who would report anything and everything we did that he thought wrong, and that Luther Wright, the principal, always called by the boys "Boss" Wright, liked him and would haul us up and reprimand us just on his report. I did not like that, and told Sprague if Spencer ever tried that on me he would get a dose which he would remember.

We soon got to carrying on and making a good deal of noise. Before long there was a loud rap on the door. Sprague whispered, "Spencer." I called out with great vehemence,

"busy," but the door opened, and in walked a tall, rather thin, gentlemanly looking man, who I thought was Mr. Spencer, of course.

"Go to your room, Mr. Sprague," were his first words, spoken very quietly. "Don't you do it, Sprague, what do you mind him for," came from my impertinent lips, but Sprague went, without standing upon the order of his going. Then turning to Brackett and me he said, "Do you room here?" I had thrown myself upon the bed, and looking up impertinently at him, said, "I don't know as that is any of your business," and after asking a few more questions and receiving impertinent answers to them all, he smilingly bade us "good evening", saying, "I hope we will become better acquainted."

Soon as he had left the hall, in came Sprague, saying, "You blessed fools, that wasn't Spencer, that was Russell Wright, teacher of Latin and Greek," and looking at me, said, "Perhaps you will be in his classes."

Language fails to describe my feelings, and I can assure you my first night in Easthampton was a sleepless one. The next day I took a long walk toward the Connecticut river, and on turning around to come back saw I was going to meet my unwelcomed acquaintance of the previous evening. I walked directly up to him and said, "Mr. Russell Wright, I believe."

I shall never forget the pleasant look he gave me, and the kindly intonation of his voice, as he said, "Yes," which gave me courage, and I said, "My name is Strong," and then told him what I had heard about Spencer, and that I had gotten up that dose for Spencer, and had unintentionally given it to

him, for which I sincerely begged his pardon. He gave me a little scolding for getting up so saucy a dose for any one. I then told him about the loss of my books, etc., and when we reached my boarding house and I was about turning in, he asked me to continue on and go up to his room and see some flowers he had, which invitation I gladly accepted. Besides Latin and Greek, he was also teacher of English grammar and botany.

During our conversation he advised me to enter the school at once and not wait for my trunk. That he thought he knew where I could borrow books for the short time I would probably need them, and gave me the names of several, so that on going around that evening I had no difficulty in getting all the books I needed, and the next day I enrolled as a student, and was placed in the proper classes.

I was very anxious to enter college in the fall of 1845, and had read Latin and Greek enough to do so, had I been properly instructed, but as stated in a previous chapter, I was poor and had to work summers to earn money to pay for my schooling winters, so I did not get on as rapidly or correctly as I could have done had I kept steadily at my work and under the same teachers.

Another little incident grew out of the loss of my books which gave me a very different impression of "Boss" Wright from what most of the boys seemed to have of him.

It was quite a few days before my trunk came, and when it did, I immediately began returning the books I had borrowed, one of which was a Latin grammar to a Miss Miller,

I think ; and happening to meet her on the street gave her the book and thanked her for her kindness in loaning it to me. She took it without saying a word, but looked at me with icy cold astonishment, which I construed as a decided snub, intended to let me know that she didn't want to have anything more to do with me. I could not understand it, but said nothing about her manner of treating me even to Brackett, for a young fellow doesn't like to tell of his being snubbed, but I found out the reason for her action the next day.

Every student at that time had to attend religious exercises at nine o'clock every morning in the main building, and my astonishment the next morning may be imagined when, as soon as prayers were ended, "Boss" Wright called out, "Mr. Strong and Miss Miller will rise," and then said, "It is my painful duty to reprimand both of you. It has been reported to me that you two held a conversation on the street yesterday in open violation of one of the well known rules of the school."

As I thought Spencer must have made the report, my fiery temper couldn't stand that, and I said at once, "Mr. Wright, the person who made that report falsified, and I might with truth use a harsher term." I then in a few words told him about the loss of my books and of my borrowing a Latin grammar of Miss Miller, and that my trunk came yesterday and I started to return Miss Miller her book, but happened to meet her on the street and gave it to her, thanking her for her kindness in loaning it to me, a perfect stranger, not knowing that I was violating any rule of the school ; that she took the book, but never said a word. Mr. Wright then said, "That

being the case, Miss Miller has not violated the rule and may be seated, and Mr. Strong will in the future be a little more careful to avoid even the appearance of evil; he may be seated."

After school hours that day I called upon Principal Wright, at his house, and explained the whole situation to him, telling him that I intended to obey the rules of the school strictly. He said if I did, there would be no trouble, and talked very pleasantly with me for some time, and from what he said and the way he said it, I came to the conclusion that he was a puritanically strict man, but that he intended to be just, and was kindly disposed, and I liked him ever after.

I also called upon Miss Miller where she boarded, and begged her pardon for unintentionally placing her in such an embarrassing position; for to be called to stand up under censure before an audience of over three hundred young men, and nearly one hundred young women, besides the teachers, was exceedingly embarrassing to a young lady. Williston Seminary was a school for both sexes at that time, what is now called a Co-Ed. institution. She said she knew the rule, and was astonished at my speaking to her on the street. I never had any more trouble while at Williston.

Principal Wright occasionally came to the different classrooms and listened to the recitation for a while. I remember his listening to one in Virgil once where the student pronounced the word "w-o-u-n-d", woond. He stopped him and said, "I never foond any good ground for pronooncing that woond, but I have found very good ground for pronouncing it wound." Although a species of logic that will not hold good in any

language I am acquainted with, except French, it was a little pleasantry that I have always remembered.

Easthampton was a very pleasant New England village, and there was plenty of fun for us boys, fishing in the canal, and trying to catch lamprey eels under the bridge.

It was a pleasant walk to Mount Tom, and often when we had time we would walk to its summit, where for the first time in my life I saw a beautiful little lake on the summit of a mountain. One would suppose there would be crevices enough through the rocks forming the mountain to let the water down into the Connecticut river flowing at its base, but no, the beautiful little lake remained, and for ought I know, still remains although it is now (1910) sixty-five years since I have seen it.

When three sisters with whom we were well acquainted came from Rushville, New York, and entered Mount Holyoke Seminary—then under the charge of Miss Mary Lyon—Brackett and I would sometimes go over there to see them. Miss Lyon required a letter from the parents of the girls before she would allow us to visit with them except in the presence of a teacher, which we obtained, and after that, we were welcome, and were permitted to take them out walking.

At one time the students of Amherst College and the young ladies of Mount Holyoke Seminary joined in a picnic, and a talented fellow by the name of March, offered this toast, "Miss Lyon, surrounded by her pupils; a jewel set in fine gold."

Miss Lyon immediately returned the compliment by offer-

ing this toast, "Mr. March, may the mind of March keep pace with the march of mind." Two very complimentary and pretty toasts. Several acquaintances of the young ladies were fortunate in receiving invitations to this picnic.

The founder of Williston Seminary and his wife were always very kind, and if any one of the students was sick, he found a father and mother in Mr. and Mrs. Williston.

At the end of the school year of 1845, my health had given out to such an extent that I was obliged to forego entering college that fall, therefore I went home.

My health remained quite poor all that winter, and in the spring my brother William wrote that he could get me the same place in the drug store that he expected to get me last year, and if I still desired to study medicine it would be a good place for me to begin doing it. I will here state that in those days it was considered the proper thing for a doctor to know how to compound his own medicines; I therefore went to Cleveland and began clerking for Mr. Fisk, a druggist on Superior Street, at two dollars a week, which was thought to be enough to pay my board. It was my duty to sweep out the store, dust the bottles, and keep things looking tidy generally. Mr. Fisk was a very clever, upright man, and after I had been there about a month, told me that when there was nothing particular to be done I could spend the time reading books on medicine which he handed me, and advised me to enter my name in Dr. Gregory's office as his student, which I did.

Things went on in this way for some four or five months when one day some doctor left a prescription written in Latin

contractions. Mr. Miller, the head clerk, was unable to make it out, and passed it up to Mr. Fisk, who took it and studied it, but was also unable to decipher it, which annoyed him exceedingly, and when passing me on his way to dinner he showed it to me, saying, "There, James, when you can read prescriptions written like that you can begin to be a doctor," and then threw the paper on to his desk. After he was gone Miller began to swear about the doctor, saying he was a young fellow just beginning to practice and that he had used some unusual contractions just to show off his learning. I went up to the desk, took the paper, and being right fresh from my studies had little difficulty,—with the aid of the *Lexicon*,—in deciphering it. It so happened that Miller was busy with a customer until Mr. Fisk returned, so I had no opportunity to say anything to him, but stepped up to Mr. Fisk when he came in and read it to him. He was greatly pleased and said he would rather have given a thousand dollars than to have told that doctor that he couldn't read his prescription, and immediately called out, "Mr. Miller, take James behind the prescription counter." The next day another boy was handling the broom, and doing the boy's work, and I was helping Miller, of course, not putting up prescriptions, but learning the names and prices of the drugs when sold by themselves, and not compounded or on prescriptions. This gave me much more time to study and as time went on I was given a certain number of hours to devote to my chosen profession. Everything moved on about the same, except a little increase of salary, until the next sum-

mer, when my health began to run down somewhat and I asked Mr. Fisk for a vacation, which he granted.

Two of my Rushville schoolmates had moved to Ypsilanti, Mich., and settled upon a farm, and had written asking me to come and visit them. This I did, and had a nice time, remaining two weeks. While I was there a man rode a very handsome pony into the yard, which I bought, he to deliver him at the steamer dock in Detroit on a certain day. When I arrived, there stood the pony, and I took him to Cleveland with me. My health had not improved much, and I began riding the pony every day. One day a wool merchant with whom I had become acquainted offered to pay me well if I would ride out on the different roads leading out of Cleveland, distribute his cards and hand-bills, and ask wool growers to take their loads of wool to his place of business and induce as many as I could to go to him first; in short, act as his soliciting agent. This I did for some time, but my health did not improve much and the doctor advised me to take a much longer vacation. I, therefore, took my pony on board a steamer to Buffalo, N. Y., and rode him from there to my mother's home in Rushville, where I remained until Mr. Fisk wrote wanting to know if my health was so poor as to prevent my coming back.

My mother had been wanting to visit brother William for some time but was so afraid of traveling by water that she could not make up her mind to take a steamer on Lake Erie to do so. It was suggested that she take her horse and buggy, and I drive her to Cleveland. This struck her as quite feasible,

my having driven horses so much while peddling books, and also for Dr. Gregory, gave her considerable confidence in my skill as a driver, and she consented to go. The day after we started there came on a heavy rain which compelled us to stop early in the afternoon, and on starting next morning, although the day was fine, the mud was pretty bad, and when we reached the foot of Lake Erie, just before reaching Buffalo, it was awful, and I prevailed upon mother to have the horse and buggy put on board and go the rest of the way on a steamer, which she reluctantly did, and the next day we were in Cleveland. But poor mother was dreadfully sea-sick, although it was not very rough.

My health did not become as robust as it ought to be, and I went to the Water-cure establishment, about two miles out of Cleveland, and was obliged to give up my situation at Mr. Fisk's.

Mother and I went back to Rushville with the horse and buggy after the roads became good, late in the spring and I remained there until the fall of 1849.



HON. WILLIAM STRONG

This picture was taken from a daguere-
otype taken in 1849.

CHAPTER V.

In the fall of 1849, brother William was appointed a United States Judge for the Territory of Oregon, and accepted the appointment. He was told to be in New York City by the middle of December, where he would meet Governor Gaines, the newly appointed Governor of the Territory, and General Hamilton, the newly appointed Secretary, each with their families, to take passage on the U. S. Store ship *Supply* that was then going to San Francisco, California.

My brother wrote, giving the number of his family as consisting of wife, one son five years old, and one not quite one year old. He then asked permission to take me, which was granted.

On arriving in New York about the middle of December, we found that the Government had changed the midships of the Navy Store ship *Supply* into a cabin, with staterooms on each side for the Territorial officers and their families, they to furnish all their own provisions, service and servants.

I do not remember the exact day we went on board at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, but I distinctly remember the four next, as I was most terribly seasick. On the afternoon of the fourth day I had dressed but could not sit up, at least I thought so, but about two hours before dark, I heard the lookout cry, "Sail Ho, two points off the lee bow." I shall never forget the feeling that cry gave me. I sprang from my bunk, ran on deck and sat on the seat that encircled the "poop deck",

watching that ship until even its masts were hidden by the rotundity of the earth. When supper was ready I went down into the cabin, partook lightly of it, and then took my bunk again. The next morning I went to breakfast, and from that time to the end of the journey around Cape Horn I never felt a qualm, sometimes lashing myself in the rigging to witness the storms.

My health was not good when I left and I heard that some of the officers made the remark when they saw me come on board that they were sorry to see that young man come aboard, they did not like to have a funeral at sea. How little we know what is before us. Here I am eight-four years old, having passed through the Indian War of 1855-56, in Oregon and Washington Territories, and the Civil War, and being most severely wounded, while nearly, if not quite, every one of the officers on board the ship at that time are dead. The officers were, Capt. Kennedy, Lieut. Winder, Surgeon Thornley, and Past Midshipmen Bagger, Broadhead, Truxton and McGaw.

When we reached the equator there was a dead calm, and the sea was as smooth as glass. The captain ordered a boat to be manned with a boatswain and eight oarsmen and had them tow the vessel. He had a canopy placed over the boat to protect the men from the heat of the sun, and they would pull for two hours, then be relieved by another crew. This was kept up day and night until we passed through the "Doldrums." While being thus towed, we passed close by a ship becalmed, the captain of which asked Capt. Kennedy to re-

port him if we arrived in Rio Janeiro first. The *Supply* was a very small ship compared to ships that have been built for the navy since that date, and this primitive manner of towing did very well, as it took us along at the rate of about a mile an hour for about forty miles, which enabled us to reach Rio Janeiro ten days ahead of that other vessel. I was told that it was becalmed that number of days, which shows that it sailed as fast as we, after it got under way.

The harbor of Rio Janeiro is a most beautiful one, and our ship remained here longer than we expected, for what reason I do not know, as yellow fever was raging in the city at the time.

It was the first time in my life that I had been in a tropical country and seen tropical fruit in such abundance. The first time I landed at the quay and walked up on the piazza, I saw many small stands filled with fruit, each one tended by an old negro man or woman. Slavery existed in Brazil at that time, and these negroes were tending these fruit stands for their masters. I stepped up to a stand that was loaded with oranges, and as I could not speak the language—Portuguese—I handed out a silver twenty-five cent piece and took up an orange to show the vender what I wanted. She pushed all the oranges on the table—two or three dozen—toward me, and then lifted up a basket holding at least ten or fifteen dozen more. I saw I was getting many more than I wanted and selecting out a dozen of the finest ones pushed the rest back. She then handed me eleven forty mill reis pieces, called “dumps.” On going

aboard ship I showed these immense copper pieces to one of the officers, and told him how I got them. He laughed at me and said I had been cheated, that I ought to have gotten twice as many oranges for half the money, a "vinton," which is a twenty mill reis piece. I have one of each of those coins in my possession now, as a reminder of my first purchase in a tropical country.

Dom Pedro II. was then the emperor of Brazil, and had a very large and beautiful garden, in which, it was claimed, there was a specimen of every fruit tree in the world, as well as many that were not fruit bearers. Permission was given us to visit this garden whenever we wished, and several of our party, including myself, did so several times. Not speaking the language was a great drawback to my receiving much education from the visits. My eye took in its beauties, however, and up to that time, it was the most beautiful garden I had ever seen, but having visited England and France since then and seen all the wonderfully beautiful gardens in Paris, that one of the Brazilian emperor falls far into the background.

Finally we left Rio, none of us having as yet caught the yellow fever. Some of the seamen had, however, and had been taken from the ship, but the captain, fearing he was going to have it, took the ship to Saint Catharines, a beautiful bay about six hundred miles down the coast from Rio Janeiro.* Then our sorrows began.

On the way down, my brother's little five year old boy died, and was buried at sea. Then one of Gov. Gaines'

daughters, a young lady grown, died, but as we were within a short distance of the harbor she was taken ashore and buried in the garden of the American Consul at that port. Another of the Governor's daughters, also a young lady grown, was sick with the fever, and was taken ashore, but died, and was buried by the side of her sister. All our party went on shore and boarded at a Spaniard's named Don Antonio, whose residence was on the opposite side of the bay from that of the American Consul. The captain had the ship thoroughly fumigated, but he took the fever and came very near dying but finally recovered.

We remained at this port a long, long time, the officers on the ship, and our party on shore. If I heard rightly, the reason for our lengthy stay here was that the captain having lost several of his men at Rio Janeiro with the fever, waited to recruit, not only his own health, but also the number of his crew. None of the other officers had the fever. While here, I went with a number of our party up the bay about ten miles to the City of Saint Catharines, to the celebration of St. Patrick's Day; Brazil being a Catholic country the day was one of great interest. The procession was unique. First came a squad of mounted vigilantes; then a regiment of negro soldiers, one of its officers being an albino; then came a bishop under a purple canopy borne by four priests, the trail of his purple robe held from touching the ground by the choir boys; then came a platform some ten feet wide, upon which was a life size wooden image of Christ bearing his cross, which was also of full size, this platform was borne by twenty priests;

then followed fifty little girls from eight to twelve years of age, in single file, representing angels, dressed in white and with beautiful feather wings fastened to their shoulders as if in the act of flying, and each carrying in her hand something connected with the crucifixion; one a nail, another a hammer, another a sponge, another a spear, and so on, duplicating the articles when necessary.

This procession marched through several streets, until it arrived in front of the church where the soldiers formed in two lines, between which the bishop passed into the church, the platform was lowered, and the image of Christ bearing his cross taken into the church and placed in the niche prepared for it; the little girls followed it and took their places. We were admitted into the church, and saw the ceremony and listened to the sermon, which none of us could understand as it was delivered in Portuguese. It was an elaborate and beautiful service.

Don Antonio's house, where we boarded, stood on gently rising ground several hundred feet from the shore of the bay, surrounded by a grove of alternate orange trees and coffee bushes. Coffee, when on the bush, grows like a cherry, the flat side of two berries being against each other and surrounded by a pulp which at one stage of its growth is red and edible like a cherry, and as it ripens, dries into a thin dry husk. Some of our party bought several sacks of this coffee in the husk and carried it to Oregon for the use of their families and found that it was much better in flavor than any not kept in the husk.

We had not been out at sea long ,after leaving St. Catharines before my brother was taken very sick and Surgeon Thornley thought him past recovery, but he gradually grew better, and finally entirely recovered, although he was under decks for five weeks.

When we arrived off the Straits of Magellan the captain tried for two days to enter the straits, but being prevented by dense fog, sailed for Cape Horn. It was bright sunshine the day we reached the southernmost rocks of the South American continent called Cape Horn, and we passed so near that the rocks were plainly visible, and by night we were fairly around and out of sight of them, and our party were congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in having escaped the stormy weather we had been told to expect at that season of the year. It proved, however, to be a good illustration of the old motto, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," for just before reaching the seventy-fifth degree of west longitude we found ourselves in a fearful storm from the north, with sails reefed to the utmost, and weather so cold that the spray froze hard on the ropes, so that the sailors were obliged to vigorously knock the ice from them with blay-pins before they could run them through the blocks. We were driven down to the sixtieth degree of south latitude, and were over a week regaining the latitude of the Cape. That was what the captain feared, and was the reason why he tried so long to enter the Straits, but after we did regain that latitude on the west coast, we met with no more storms, and when we struck the trade winds we sailed for ten days under full sail with studding-sails all set.

During this ten days the sailors scarcely touched a rope, which gave them a little rest after their strenuous labor during "our attempt to discover the south pole," as some of the officers facetiously termed it.

We reached Valparaiso, Chile, in due time, and went on shore to live, and here it was that I had my first experience of earthquakes, as several occurred during our stay there, which was quite prolonged, for what reason I do not know. None of the earthquakes were very severe, but severe enough to satisfy all my curiosity in regard to them. At one time there happened to be a large drove of burros, coming down the main street, each loaded with two bricks of copper, weighing, I was told, fifty pounds each, one on each side of his back, lashed to a most primitive saddle. The moment the tremor was perceptible, down went the burros and all began to bray, making as much, if not more, noise than the earthquake. At first one was tempted to laugh at the sight, but all such feelings were changed to pity when the drivers were getting them upon their feet again, such extreme cruelty was used, but as the best of burros could be bought for fifty cents singly, and probably for much less in numbers, their commercial value counted little to their cruel drivers. The copper, I was told, came from smelters in the interior of the country.

Some of us took horses and rode into the country, but as none of us spoke the language, "Spanish," sufficiently well we did not go to Santiago as we expected to, but we saw fruit in great abundance, and very cheap. Our party was invited

to several social functions, but having passed through so much sorrow, only a few attended.

On receipt of a notice from Capt. Kennedy that the ship would sail on a certain day our party sent on board such provisions, fruit etc., as they wished, and went on board just the day before the ship sailed. Some of them had sent their servant girls on board, two or three days before, to get the cabin and staterooms in order, and when we went aboard it was found that one of the girls had eloped with one of the crew, who had deserted. Every effort to find them was unavailing, and the ship sailed without them.

We had an uneventful voyage between Valparaiso and San Francisco, until, on attempting to enter the Golden Gate, we came very near running on to the rocks on the north of it, on account of a dense fog. The "Lookout" cried, "Breakers ahead"; he could see nothing, but heard them. Capt. Kennedy was standing on the bow, and I was standing near him when all at once we could hear the breakers directly ahead. Capt. Kennedy was a fine sailor, and had everything in readiness for quick action in case it should be necessary; he immediately gave the proper orders and the ship swung around just in time, and as she swung broadside to the rocks we could see that we had just missed them. On the afternoon of the same day we entered the Golden Gate and anchored, having been fifty-two days at sea between Valparaiso and San Francisco.

Here our party was transferred to the Sloop of War, *Falmouth*, Captain Pettigrew, who had received orders to take us to "Astoria, on the Columbia river, Oregon," which he did,

arriving there on August 13, 1850. Surgeon F. M. Gunnell, who afterwards became Surgeon General of the Navy, was the surgeon of the *Falmouth*, at that time.

The officers had been told that there was a small river steamer, the *Multnomah*, that ran on the Columbia, upon which they could take passage, but on reaching Astoria they found she was laid up for repairs, and that Capt. Hoyt, her captain, had gone to San Francisco for the machinery needed; they also learned that the *Multnomah* was the only one on the river except the mail steamer which ran between San Francisco and the Columbia river once a month, and that it would be about three weeks before she was due again. Captain Pettigrew could not be persuaded to take us up the river. He said that personally he would be glad to do so, but his orders were to take us to Astoria, and return to San Francisco.

It is very difficult for persons who have never been placed in such a position to realize the situation; no railroads, no telegraphs, no mails, even, except once a month, so the only thing to be done was to go ashore and find some way of getting up the river.

The next day after we landed, a man who had been connected with the Hudson Bay Company came from Scarborough Point on the north side of the river and suggested that Governor Gaines send an Indian Messenger to Chief Factor Ogden, saying, that if he sent for us,—and he had no doubt but that he would,—it would be the quickest way in which the officers could reach Oregon City, which at that time was the capital of the territory.

We were much surprised to see this messenger start off on this long trip, on one of the largest rivers in the world, in one of the smallest canoes in which a man could ride. It would carry but one person, and that one, unless an Indian, would have to be an expert to keep it right side up even in perfectly smooth water.

It can well be imagined that the few days we remained there awaiting Chief Factor Ogden's reply were anxious ones, but they passed quickly as everything was new and strange to us. While waiting, the officers obtained all the information they could as to the size of the boat he would probably send, if he sent any, and came to the conclusion that if all could not go, then just the officers would, the others should wait for the mail steamer, and this old attache showed us how to pack our necessary articles in the most compact form for packing in a batteau, the rest of the goods that we brought on the *Falmouth* were stored. Nearly all our goods brought from the States on the *Supply* were not transferred to the *Falmouth*, but left in San Francisco.

In a few days one of the largest batteaux in the company's service arrived, bringing a cordial welcome from Chief Factor Ogden, and it was found that by reducing the baggage to mere necessities, all of us could go together. This was done, and when the tide began to flood the next day we started. This was indeed a novel mode of traveling for our party, for none of us had ever experienced any frontier life. The tide made a very strong current up stream and we reached Cathlamet, twenty-five miles from Astoria, for our first night. This

was a most beautiful location and Mr. James Birnie, a retired Chief Trader of the Hudson Bay Company, lived here with his family. He had a store and did a large business with the Indians. Mrs. Birnie cared for the ladies of our party, and the men slept in their blankets under the trees.

The next day at flood tide we started on, going ashore whenever necessary, and stopping at night wherever the man in charge of the batteau thought best. We would get our supper, roll up in our blankets on the ground for the night, get our breakfast in the morning, and then start on.

In a few days we arrived at Fort Vancouver and were met by Chief Factor Ogden, who kindly invited us all to accept his hospitalities for such time as we desired, but as the officers all wished to go on he offered to send them at once, so, after thanking him most heartily for his kindness, all our party, except my brother's wife and baby, went to Oregon City in the same batteau. The baby having taken a severe cold, she thought she must remain and keep him from any more exposure until the arrival of the balance of our goods, which were expected to come by the next mail steamer from San Francisco. I remained with her, and in a short time my brother returned, and I went to Oregon City in a canoe, paddled by Indians.

There were no houses on the east side of the river at Portland, and very few on the west and between Portland and Oregon City there was a sandbar on which at that time the water was so shallow that batteaux and even canoes had to be

poled over it, although the water at that time was pouring over the falls at Oregon City.

Here I learned that, a little over two months prior to that time, five Indians had been hanged there for the part they took in the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman, his wife, and several others at the Whitman Mission. The massacre took place on November 29th, 1847, and these Indians were hanged in June, 1850. I was greatly interested in everything relating to Dr. Whitman, as can readily be seen I would be, and have written an account of what I learned about his massacre during the six years I lived in Oregon and Washington Territories.

I do not remember when I first heard of the massacre, but after my health became so poor that I was obliged to leave Mr. Fisk's in Cleveland, Ohio, brother William advised me to give up the study of medicine, and study law, and from that time on what study I did was under his direction.

There were three Judges in the U. S. District Court of Oregon and when that court met, it appointed me Clerk of the first Judicial District, which office I held until Oregon was divided, and Washington Territory created.

When I first arrived in Oregon I was told that a knowledge of the language called "Chinook Jargon," which had been used by the Hudson Bay Company in all its dealings with the Indians, would not only be interesting, but useful to me, so I never missed an opportunity of perfecting myself in it, as I expected to live here the remainder of my life.

CHAPTER VI.

In 1850 and '51 there were but few white men on the north side of the Columbia river, except those connected with the Hudson Bay Company. I took up my residence at Cathlamet in the fall of 1850, and with two men looked after the getting out of the logs for brother William's house on the claim he had taken up. He and his wife planned the house and selected the spot it was to occupy, and we worked at it the best we could. We also cleared off some land at the old Indian village for a garden. I did not remain there steadily, but attended to my duties as Clerk of the Court.

Brother William's wife was a highly educated woman, a graduate of one of the best seminaries for young ladies in the State of New York, and although knowing she would be deprived to a great extent of almost every comfort to which she had been accustomed, still, she had the courage to urge on the building of the log house, and late in the next spring (1851) was living in her own home at Cathlamet, with two fine baby boys.

There were always quite a large number of Indians living near, and at first she was very much annoyed at having them come into the house without announcing their intention of so doing, squat down on her floors wherever they pleased and watch her every move. I can assure you it required no little amount of courage for a woman with two young babies, and not accustomed to Indians, to do that.

As time went on the house was made more and more comfortable, and more people settled in the valley of the Elohamon river, the soil of which was very rich, and heavily timbered, and their only outlet was through Cathlamet, which continued to grow rapidly.

During the summer of 1850, before going to Cathlamet to reside, also during the summer and fall of 1851, and much of 1852, -3 and -4, I spent at Fort Vancouver, and in traveling up and down the rivers. While at Fort Vancouver, I became well acquainted with Major Rufus Ingalls, then Quartermaster at the U. S. Army Post at Fort Vancouver, and with several officers of the Army stationed there, among whom (later on), was Capt. U. S. Grant, as well as with the officers of the Hudson Bay Co. I cannot remember the date, but on meeting Chief Factor Ogden one day he invited me to come and live at his table, whenever I came to Fort Vancouver, and gave me a room which he said I could occupy whenever I wished.

Cathlamet was my home, and it was growing very fast, and when I wished to build my house, I went to San Francisco and bought everything necessary for it, that I could find already made, including white paint, and ordered them shipped to Cathlamet. They shipped them on a small sailing vessel, which, unfortunately, was blown ashore and lost. Soon as I learned that fact I went to San Francisco again and duplicated the order.

From the summer of 1851, I had business either for myself or others that called me to San Francisco, once, and sometimes twice a year, but I *think* it was on *this* trip that I met

my old schoolmate, Henry M. Brackett, and persuaded him to go up to Cathlamet with me. We had lost track of each other, and he had had hard luck, having lost everything he possessed in a fire, barely escaping with his life.

After my house was built, brother Charles, who had come to Cathlamet, Brackett and myself kept house in it, taking turns doing our own cooking.

As time went on, division of the Territory of Oregon began to be talked about, of which all of us at Cathlamet were in favor.

Before the Territory was divided, when the subject of having a wagon road from the Columbia river to Puget Sound was being agitated, in company with Mr. Dray, William Anderson, William Stillwell, Newell Brewer (settlers in the valley back of Cathlamet) and two Indians, I surveyed a line for a road from Cathlamet to Boisfort prairie, but found it impracticable, as road building was *then* understood, the expenses of this survey were borne by the interested parties.

We had engaged a young man with whom I was acquainted, to go with the party as surveyor; he had come to Cathlamet, and the party was nearly ready to start, when he unfortunately cut his foot so badly with the hatchet, while sharpening a stake, as to prevent his going; so I had to go.

Speaking of my going as surveyor puts me in mind of an incident which I will be pardoned for mentioning here, though a digression; that another person (whose name I cannot now recall) and myself surveyed the east part of Mrs. Esther Short's land claim at Fort Vancouver, into city lots, streets,

etc., and that the first Legislative Assembly of Washington Territory, on March 15, 1854, passed an act naming this land of Mrs. Short's, so surveyed by us, "Columbia City," and made it the county seat of Clarke County. It was where Vancouver on the Columbia river now stands.

We had a pretty hard time of it surveying that road, as it took much longer than we expected, and the packer was careless and lost or wasted not only our provisions, but our ammunition as well, so that we were without food for five days, but we had plenty of fresh, cool, mountain water.

It was on this expedition that I, while sitting on a knoll writing up my notes, was made and held a prisoner under a fallen tree by two elk; had they known enough to have placed themselves one on each side of the tree, instead of both remaining on the same side, they could have reached me, and would undoubtedly have put me out of commission before any of my party arrived.

All the property owners interested in the growth of Cathlamet joined forces and built a wharf, but I do not remember the date.

We, whose address was Cathlamet, had to have our mail from the States left at Astoria, and brought up from there by the little river steamer, which sometimes added several days to the usual thirty from New York to Astoria. We persuaded Mr. Birnie to take the Postmastership, which he consented to do, provided Brackett and myself would be appointed deputies, and agree to do all the work. In due time the Post Office was established in Mr. Birnie's store, and many an hour both night

and day have Brackett and myself watched for the ocean steamer, pulled out to her, and exchanged mail bags.

In the fall of 1852, there were settlers enough north of the Columbia river to call a convention, which convened on Nov. 25, 1852, at Monticello, near the mouth of the Cowlitz river, and petitioned Congress to create the Territory of "Columbia" out of the northern part of Oregon.

The petitioners were somewhat surprised to learn that Congress not only refused to name the new Territory "Columbia," but insisted upon naming it "Washington," to which the persons having the matter in charge were obliged to consent, and it was only about fifteen months from the date of holding that convention that Oregon was divided, and the "Territory of Washington" was in political running order.

Its first Legislative Assembly convened at Olympia, on Feb. 27, 1854. I was duly elected a member of the House, but was not sworn in until April 14th (as can be seen on page ninety-seven of the Journal of the House of that session), and served to the end of the session.

In the winter of 1852-3, Capt. U. S. Grant came to Fort Vancouver, and remained until the fall of 1854, during which time he and brother William became such warm friends that he would sometimes get a "Leave of Absence" and spend it at brother William's house at Cathlamet. In this way I became quite well acquainted with him. Capt. Grant was a quiet, taciturn man, very energetic, and determined to accomplish whatever he undertook—as any one could see by the way he worked at a field of potatoes, or garden truck of some kind,

while there at Fort Vancouver—but very much inclined to look upon the dark side of life; while brother William was jolly, full of life, fond of telling laughable stories, witty, and always good company. Why I mention this about Capt. Grant will be seen later on.

Not long after the Legislature adjourned, John S. Clendenin, Esq., the U. S. Attorney for the Territory of Washington, appointed me "Assistant U. S. Attorney for the Territory of Washington," and placing me in charge of all his business, left for the States. The next year at the general election I was elected Prosecuting Attorney for the 1st Judicial District of the Territory of Washington.

When the Indian War broke out I joined a company and served until discharged.

I had taken every opportunity to perfect myself in the Chinook Jargon; my best teacher being "Wah-kee-nah," an Indian girl who lived in my brother William's family, and of whom I have written in a book published in 1893, entitled "WAH-KEE-NAH, and Her People, the Curious Customs, Traditions, and Legends of the North American Indians."

I proved to be a very apt scholar and learned to speak it so fluently, and pronounce it so accurately, that I was often told by Indians, "*Mica wawwa siwawash wawwa hias close*", meaning, "You speak the Indian language very well." I remember quite a good deal of it even now.

In the spring of 1856, the Judges concluded that on account of the war they would not hold any courts until fall, that the farmers might put in their crops, repair damages, etc.,

so about the middle of July, 1856, John D. Biles, who was then Clerk of the 1st Judicial District of Washington Territory, and who was a member of the House in the First Legislature at the same time I was, and myself left for the States, both expecting to return prior to the holding of any Courts. He returned but I did not, for the following reason.

My aged mother had moved from Rushville to Rockford, Illinois, and was very much opposed to my going back, and when it came near the time for me to start, became seriously ill, and asked me to promise her that I would not return so long as she lived, which I did. She then began to improve and lived nearly five years, dying about two months prior to the breaking out of the Civil War.

Remaining in the East in 1856 was a great disappointment to me as all my interests lay in the Territory of Washington, but I considered my duty to my aged mother paramount to all others.

After making this promise to my mother I resigned my offices in Washington Territory, and formed a partnership with my brother John C.—the other one of my brothers who graduated at Yale College—who was then practicing law in Buffalo, N. Y., and went there to live.

On November 1, 1859, I married Miss Emily Kennett Efner, youngest daughter of Mr. Elijah D. Efner a pioneer of Buffalo, from 1809. He was a soldier in the war of 1812; was with the troops under General Hull when Detroit surrendered to the British. He firmly believed that the surrender was obtained by the British firing gold at the general, instead

of lead at the soldiers. When Buffalo was attacked, he helped man a field-piece on Main Street, and kept firing into the British and Indians as they came up Niagara Street from Black Rock, until his position was nearly flanked on both right and left.

CHAPTER VII.

When the Civil War broke out, I began immediately to raise a company, was elected its Captain, and sent to Elmira, N. Y., where the company was mustered in as Co. "E" 21st Regt. N. Y. Vol. Inft., my commission as Captain giving me Rank from May 7, 1861. The regiment was commanded by Colonel William F. Rogers,—afterwards Brig. General, and member of Congress—as brave and noble hearted man as ever lived. He passed through seventeen battles, and many skirmishes without receiving a single wound.

Some time after the regiment arrived at Washington, D. C., Col. Rogers was ordered to take command of Fort Runyon, which was a little less than a mile south of the Long Bridge. Here the regiment remained until after the first battle of Bull Run.

While here, Col. Rogers ordered me to take my company and guard the Long Bridge, my headquarters being in what was formerly a brick tavern, a short distance from the south end of the bridge. It was here that some incidents quite illustrative of soldier life occurred, for the comical and grave were often mixed, and when an amusing thing happened it gave zest to an otherwise dull and monotonous life while in camp, doing merely daily routine duty.

The Long Bridge spanned the Potomac on the road leading from Washington, D. C., into Virginia,

About two o'clock one morning the corporal of the guard came to my quarters, saying, "Captain, we have arrested a man and woman; they are on horseback and want to cross over into Virginia. The man is in a general's uniform, but hasn't the countersign. He says he is General McDowell, and that the woman is his wife. I think he is giving us the bluff. I don't believe he is General McDowell any more than I am. He asked me who the Captain of this company was, and when I told him, he said he knew you and wanted me to take him to you and not put him in the "lock up." I think it is all a ——— bluff."

I dressed, took my lantern and went out to the street. I was accosted with, "Well, Capt. Strong, my wife and I are your prisoners, I hope you treat prisoners kindly." I flashed the light of my lantern into his face and saw at once that it *was* General McDowell, and then said, "Why, General, how is this?" He said that he and his wife had been at a gathering of friends in Washington, and that he had forgotten the countersign, and asked me to give it to him, which, of course, I did. He complimented the guards for doing their duty in not accepting his word, and letting him pass, and bidding us all good-night, galloped off toward Arlington Heights, where he then had his quarters.

Another thing occurred at the same place which shows how matters sometimes go among the soldiers themselves. One evening, when standing on the bank of the river which formed a little bay near our quarters, I saw a cork floating on the water some little distance from shore. My attention was called

to it by the fact that it would sink under the little waves made by the wind, and bob up again in the same place. This excited my curiosity, and getting into a small boat I went out to the cork. Judge of my surprise on finding it tied to a string, and the string to a sunken canteen. I then went hunting for corks and found two or three more to each of which was attached a canteen containing more or less whisky. Ah! thought I, now I will surely catch the boys who disobey orders—for it was strictly against orders to bring whisky into camp—so I took the canteens to my quarters and ordered an inspection to take place the first thing the next morning. It was too late to have one that evening and I said nothing about the canteens. But the boys were too smart for me, for on inspection I found one of the best sergeants, and some of the best men, none of whom could be suspected of such a disobedience of orders, and none of whom drank whisky, minus a canteen. The fact was that the men to whom the canteens belonged had carried on a wholesale stealing business during the night and supplied themselves with canteens. My plan for catching the guilty ones had signally failed, and all that was left for me to do was to pour out the whisky and send the canteens to the company's quarters, knowing that the boys who owned them were laughing in their sleeves at how nicely they had outwitted the Captain.

Another thing occurred at the same place. One day the sergeant of the guard reported to me that he had arrested a man who was coming across the bridge with a two-horse wagon-load of old stable manure, which he said he was going

to put on his farm. The sergeant said he suspected the man had something hidden in the load. I went with him to where the man and his wagon had been left under guard, and talked with the man. He was very angry at what he said was a gross injustice, and with many oaths protested his innocence and said it had come to pretty pass if an honest farmer couldn't haul a load of manure to put on his farm without being arrested. There was something about the man's looks and actions that made me think the sergeant's suspicions were well founded. It was a very large, high load, and I ordered the sergeant to have two of the men unload the wagon. I noticed the man began to turn pale when the men mounted the wagon, and when they began pitching off the load he turned white as a sheet. In a short time the men hoisted out a large keg. By this time the man was trembling like a leaf and began to beg for his life. He then confessed that it was whisky, and I sent him with his whisky, team and load to Col. Rogers, who gave him a talking to, confiscated the whisky, and let him go home with his team and load.

The land around these quarters was low and wet and after awhile many of the men became sick, and we were relieved by another company, returned to Fort Runyon and did duty with the regiment for quite a long time.

I am not attempting to follow exact dates in giving an account of my personal happenings. After awhile, and after the regiment had left Fort Runyon, I was taken sick and went home on a thirty days "Sick Leave." Before it expired I received a letter from Col. Rogers, containing a recommenda-

tion from himself, endorsed by General Wadsworth—our Brigade Commander—recommending me to Governor Morgan for appointment to a field position, and on my way back to the regiment, I stopped in Albany and presented my application. Governor Morgan said, "I know Col. Rogers and General Wadsworth very well, and remember seeing you fire one of those big guns from one of the bastions at Fort Runyon," and turning to his adjutant said, "Is there any field position that we can give Capt. Strong?" He answered, "You know, Governor, that the regiment forming at ——" (I now forget where) "wrote you that they had gotten into a quarrel on the election of a Colonel, and had agreed that they would accept any stranger you might send them for that position." "Well, give Capt. Strong the position." "Oh! Governor," I said, "I have never been in command of a regiment, and would fear to assume so much responsibility." After talking with me a short time, saying among other things, "No one in that regiment has seen as much service as you have and I think you had better accept it. I am sure Col. Rogers and General Wadsworth would not have sent me that letter had they not believed you competent." And, on my still declining, said, "Well, then, come in tomorrow and I will see if there is anything else."

The firing the big gun he referred to happened in this way. When at Fort Runyon, Col. Rogers at one time assigned the care of one of the bastions containing one of the large guns to my company, and we were in the habit of firing it into a sandbank some distance off for the practice of loading and firing, and when the Governor visited the Fort he asked to see

some of the big guns. Col. Rogers sent orders to me to get our bastion ready to show the Governor. In a short time Col. Rogers and the Governor came, and I was introduced. The Governor said he wanted to see us load and fire the gun. This we then proceeded to do, I giving the orders as I had been accustomed to do. When it came to the order for the gunner to mount and sight the gun, the Governor said, "Capt, Strong, I should like to see *you* do that. See if you can hit that old telegraph pole standing there by the sandbank." I was taken very much by surprise as I had never sighted the piece. I knew it wouldn't do to show any hesitancy, so I sprang up to the gunner's place, sighted the gun on the pole, jumped down, ordered it fired, and to my great astonishment the ball struck the pole. The Governor complimented the men and me and left with Col. Rogers. It seems he remembered the incident.

The next morning I went back to the Governor's office and received my commission as Lieutenant Colonel 38th Regt. N. Y. Vol. Infantry, with orders to return to Buffalo and equip myself for the position. This I did, and joined the 38th near Alexandria, Virginia, soon as possible.

It was Sunday when I reached there, and Col. J. H. Hobart Ward, the colonel of the regiment, informed me that I was in command, as he was on hospital inspection duty and that the senior captain was now the ranking officer.

How I wished I had taken Governor Morgan's advice and accepted the colonelcy of the regiment he advised me to take, for instead of being in command of a regiment that had never seen any service, I found myself in command of one that had

passed through the first battle of Bull Run, and was now without a Lieutenant Colonel or Major.

They had heard that a captain of the 21 Regt. had been commissioned Lieut. Col. of their Regt. and the officers—except the Colonel and Surgeon—were very much provoked about it, and gave me the cold shoulder most decidedly.

It was in mid winter and this regiment, known as "The 2nd Scott Life Guards," had built the best camp I ever saw in the army in the field. There was a fine separate log house for each field officer, one for the surgeon, another for the officers' mess room, and each company had its own officers and company quarters. There was also a good sized log house for a theatre in which the regiment would often have plays and concerts.

In the mess room I was given a table at which four could sit, but for quite awhile not an officer came near it, or spoke to me, except as in duty bound.

Colonel Ward only returned occasionally, and when he did he had his meals brought to his quarters, and did not assume command until the regiment was ordered south, and went with many others on transports down the Chesapeake.

My situation was decidedly uncomfortable, but there was no way out of it except to resign, which, of course, was out of the question. The advice given the graduating class at Wiliston by Luther Wright, the principal, in 1845, which was "Never shrink from responsibility when it is *cast* upon you," came to my mind and benefited me.

The weather was very bad, so I could have no drills, or even dress parades, nothing but the ordinary camp duties.

One day, when the snow was about two inches deep, with a hard crust upon it, an order came for me to take the regiment out on picket duty, and the first compliment I received was when I rode out to form the regiment, I heard the surgeon say, "Well, if our new colonel don't know anything else he knows how to ride." I had a very fine looking, high spirited horse, but she was dreadfully afraid of soldiers and when I gave the order to march, the noise of the cracking crust under the soldiers' feet was too much for her nerves, and she gave a great leap to one side, and the snow balls, which had gathered under her feet caused her to fall flat, but fortunately did not catch my leg under her. As the bridle reins slipped from my hand she was up like a flash, and off for the stable on a keen run, and the ranking captain, now acting major, and on horse back and my orderly, on my other horse after her. I went on with the regiment on foot until my horse returned when I immediately mounted, and to my great surprise was cheered to the echo by the regiment. When we returned from picket duty the weather had moderated, and I began holding dress parades and drills.

Thanks to Col. Rogers, who would sometimes take me to his quarters, when I was with the 21st, and with his wooden blocks teach me how to drill a regiment, and by hard study after my promotion, I could do it tolerably well.

Col. Rogers had gotten up a new way of forming a "hollow square," and had kindly taught me, so I drilled the regi-

ment in that way. One day an aide came from the general commanding the brigade, saying that he had heard that I had a new way of forming a "hollow square," and that he would be at our drill ground the next afternoon at three o'clock to witness the drill. It proved to be a fine day and I had the regiment on the drill ground on time, and when the general with his staff arrived he took a position on a rise of ground which gave him a good view, and we went through the drill. When the regiment was formed back into line, I rode up to the general, who asked some questions and wished me to form it again, which we did, and riding up to him again, he complimented the regiment very highly. I then told him that Col. Rogers of the 21st was the author of the movement; he said it was far ahead of the movement laid down in the tactics, and bidding us good afternoon left.

On returning to the regiment I repeated the compliments the general had given it, and took occasion to say that the only way we could deserve and win such compliments was to throw petty jealousies aside and act in unison, that I should try to do my duty and hoped every officer and man in the regiment would do his.

It was the first time I had had a *good* opportunity to make a little speech to the regiment, and I improved it, and from that time on I grew more and more in favor and I think I can truly say that no field officer was ever better loved by the officers and men of his regiment than I grew to be.

The regiment went south with the rest of the army on transports, and did its full share of duty, on its march to, and

in the investment and capture of Yorktown, Va., but I can in this sketch mention only those things in which I was *personally* concerned.

CHAPTER VIII.

One day I was ordered to take four companies and build a redoubt near the foot of a rise of ground, over and beyond which, but entirely hidden from view, were some works of the enemy. The general, probably, intended to place mortars in it. The place and size of the redoubt had been staked out and my orders were to keep half the men under arms ready for any emergency, while the other half were using the shovels. We had not been at work very long, when, as I was riding between the hill and redoubt, a bullet hit the shovel of one of the men; where it came from we could not imagine; we heard no report, nor saw any smoke. I dismounted and the captain in charge of the working companies, and myself, tried to find from whence it came. I concluded that it must be a sharp-shooter in some high tree. Selecting three men whom I knew to be good marksmen, we crawled on our hands and knees up this rise of ground until we reached a place where we could look over, then lying flat on the ground I scanned the trees with my field glass until I saw a dark spot near the top of one of the tallest, and handing the glass to the men, they fixed their eyes upon that dark spot, and then passed the glass back to me. When all was ready I gave the order to fire, and down tumbled the dark spot. When we returned to the redoubt, the captain said he had found where the bullet had cut through some dirt before it struck the shovel, which gave him the direction from which it came, and believed it had been fired at me, and must have

passed very close to me when I was on my horse. We came to the conclusion that the sharp-shooter must have had a telescope rifle, which enabled him to see so far, but whether he fired at me, or not, will never be known. We do know, however, that no more leaden messengers came from that direction while we were working on that redoubt.

While the army was approaching and investing Yorktown, I was sent up in a captive balloon several times. I always carried my field-glass and pocket compass. On one occasion the enemy drew a field-piece out for some woods and fired twice. I could distinctly see that they were aiming at the balloon. The first time, I saw the flash of the cannon, but heard no report, although I thought I heard the whistle of the ball; but the second time, I saw the flash of the cannon, but heard no sound of any kind.

Seeing a cannon trained upon one's balloon when a thousand feet in the air, however, made an impression that is still very vivid, although forty-eight years have passed since then, and I am now (1910) over eighty-four years of age.

At another time I saw a large cloud of dust rising beyond some woods a long distance away, and immediately sent down a message telling of the fact, giving my opinion that it was caused by a body of troops moving along a dusty road, and giving the direction I thought they were going, although I could not see any. This proved to be correct and gave our general time to head off a movement which the enemy had hoped they were making unbeknown to him.

I wrote all the messages on pieces of paper, tied them

around a heavy bullet, called to those below to watch where they fell, and dropped them. There was always an aide on horseback to carry them to headquarters.

On the morning of May 4, 1862, while lying in front of the enemy's works at Yorktown, we received orders to advance on "double quick," as the enemy had evacuated. We were second over their works, and when the colonel of the regiment in advance of us ordered some of his men into the fort and brought them to "order arms," the butt of one of the guns struck the cap of a buried shell and exploded it, tearing two men to pieces, and injuring several others.

I was told that when Gen. McClellan heard of this he ordered an officer to take a squad of Confederate prisoners and rake over the entire ground, making them dig up every shell that could be found, and that they found quite a number, not only in the fort, but in the main traveled roads.

I also heard he said that he never expected anything like that from a *civilized* foe.

We were kept on the march during the rest of the day and camped that night in mud about two inches deep. The next day we had not gone far before we began to hear the roar of cannon and musketry, which told us that a battle was on, and an order passed down the line to "double quick," which meant, hurry up as fast as possible, for the mud was so deep there was no such thing as marching order. It was not long before we began to meet General Hooker's men on the retreat. This was the battle of *Williamsburg*, and they had had a hard day of it, and been driven from the field.

I was order to take the right wing of the regiment and form in open order in a small ravine on the right, and then advance and drive the enemy's skirmishers from the woods, and was told that a horse would be of no use to me. I therefore dismounted, sent my horse to my orderly and marched up this little ravine, formed in open order, and proceeded up on to the level ground. The enemy was ready for us and several of our men dropped the moment we came in sight, but on we went, driving the enemy before us until we reached a road some distance in front of an abatis of fallen trees in front of a redoubt on their right of Fort Magruder; here we formed in company order. While doing this, Maj. Gen. Kearney, Commander of our Division, came riding up and said, "Don't stop, Colonel, give it to them." We rushed ahead until we reached the abatis, which was a perfect slaughter-house. The enemy had a rifle pit on their side of it, and as all the limbs had been cut from the upper side of the trees, all they had to do was to lie low in their pit and pick us off whenever we attempted to scale that abatis. It was fighting at a terrible disadvantage on our side, and we were driven back twice. At what time the other part of the regiment joined us I do not know, for the command of that charge was not taken from me. On rallying and making the third charge, we found ourselves out of ammunition, and charged the rest of the way with fixed bayonets, driving the enemy out of their rifle pit and as they retreated around the parapet of their redoubt of which I have spoken, one of them turned, and, seeing I was an officer, fired at me without bringing his gun to his shoulder, and

jumped behind the parapet. He was but a short distance from me, and it was the only gun fired on either side after we crossed their rifle pit.

I fell, and on trying to move found I could not, and the first I heard was, "My God! the Colonel's down;" and all began to gather around me. I said, "Take the men on, captain, take the men on, this is no place to stop, I am not much hurt, leave two men with me, that's all."

The captain stepped out and ordered the men on, saying, "The Colonel says he isn't much hurt, and for us to go on, that this is no place to stop." Two men stopped with me, and wanted to carry me off the field, which I would not permit, and after laying me down by the side of one of the fallen trees and resting my head upon the stub of a branch, I told them to leave me and go on, and if they came out of the fight all right, they could come and get me.

After they left I began to take in the situation, for, strange to say, I was not suffering a particle of pain. I was lying on my back, my head held up by the limb of the tree, my body almost entirely under the mud. Soon it began to rain, for which I was very thankful, as it tended to quench my thirst. Seconds lengthened into minutes, and minutes into hours until long into the night when I heard some one calling, "Colonel Strong! Colonel Strong!" I answered, "Here I am, here I am," as I thought, in my usual loud voice; still the calling continued, I answering with all my power. Finally I heard the call right on the other side of the tree by which I lay, and I, putting all the force I could into my voice, answered, "Here

I am." The soldier threw the light of his lantern over the log, and seeing me, called out, "Here he is, boys, here he is!"

I was soon surrounded by my men, carefully placed in a blanket, carried around the abatis to the road, and put into an ambulance. This had not gone far before it hit something under the mud and broke down, then the men took me on one of the ambulance stretchers and trudged on through the mud and rain. I begged them to lay me down under some tree and rest themselves, as I knew they had been hard at work, marching and fighting all day and must be very tired, but the only answer I received was, "We'll carry you, Colonel, till we get you into a house if it takes all night," and on, on they trudged, every house they came to being full of wounded. After they had carried me two or three miles we met Surgeon Berry of the 38th on horseback, looking for me, who guided them to a house, which I was told afterwards was about four miles from where I fell. It was between three and four o'clock in the morning when we reached there and I was placed upon the operating table.

It was then found that the ball was undoubtedly a minnie, and had passed entirely through my body from front to rear, tearing out the right hip joint. Unfortunately for me the surgeon was entirely out of anesthetics and the pain was so excruciating that at one time I asked for a bullet, which I put in my mouth, and fastening my teeth upon it, said, "Now, Doctor, go ahead," and after he had drawn yard after yard of bandage through my body, an assistant pouring water into

the wound, and cleaned out the mud, pieces of clothing, etc., and pulled out the broken pieces of bone, which included about one and a half inches of the rim of the accetabulum, I was laid down on the floor.

I mention this bullet not only because it saved me from breaking my teeth all to pieces, but because when the regiment was mustered out in New York City more than a year afterwards one of the men showed it to me and said it had been held by the men of the regiment as a prize.

Surgeon Berry was a very kind hearted man, and did everything in his power to relieve my sufferings—as he did for all—and had me carried to the bank of the James river as soon as he ascertained that a steamer had been sent to carry the wounded to Fortress Monroe. I do not remember how many days this was after the battle, but it must have been two or three, I think. We were taken on board early in the forenoon, I being placed on my own blankets on the slats of what had been a berth in a stateroom. Surgeon Berry sent two men with me, that I might be properly handled, so as not to tear off the dressings he had placed over and around the wounded hip.

The deck was completely covered with the wounded and yet the steamer did not start. Several hours passed; one of my men reported to me that some of the wounded had died since being brought on board, I sent for the captain of the steamer and said to him, "If you are loaded, why do you not go?" He said, "I am waiting for orders. I am afraid I will lose my charter if I sail without orders." I then asked him, "Who

is the ranking officer on board?" "You are," he said. "Bring me some paper then and I will give you orders." I then had him write an order "To proceed immediately to Fortress Monroe, and report to the U. S. Quartermaster General, not knowing who that officer might be. I signed it, and we were soon off. On arriving at Fortress Monroe, the surgeon in charge of the wounded there had me taken to the Hygeia Hospital.

The quartermaster general there happened to be Major General Rufus Ingalls—the same I had known as Quartermaster at Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river—who, on seeing my name on that order, came right over to see me, and learning the facts became very angry at that captain, and said, "Lose his charter, he *will lose* his charter; a man who doesn't know better how to interpret his orders than that, and will let wounded soldiers die on his decks after he is fully loaded for fear he will lose his charter, is too big a fool to have one."

The general came to see me again the next day, and said that he would take charge of my property and send whatever I wished of it to Buffalo. This he did, and I had no care or trouble about it. I gave him a list, and he had it all looked up and taken care of until it arrived at my home in Buffalo, N. Y.



JOHN C. STRONG, ESQ.
Buffalo, N. Y.

CHAPTER IX.

As soon as the news of my being wounded reached Buffalo, my brother John C. Strong started to come for me, but it took him several days to reach Fortress Monroe, the means of travel being crowded, and the government requiring every person going to the front to have a pass. I can never forget how happy I felt when I saw him enter that ward and come to my cot. At first he could not speak, but took my hand, and I saw the tears roll down his cheeks as he turned his head to speak to the surgeon; soon, however, he began talking to me, saying that he had come to take me home when I was able to go. He told me afterwards that when he told the surgeons he wanted to take me home, they said, "It will make no difference whether you take him or not, for he is a dead man, anyway." My brother wasn't a man to give up so easily, and obtained the proper papers from General Wool for taking me, and, when the steamer was to start for Baltimore, had me properly lashed to an army stretcher, and had four negroes carry me to the steamer. They laid me on a berth in one of the staterooms, still strapped to the stretcher, and every revolution of the wheels jerked the boat to such an extent as to cause me much pain. I remember saying, "O John, if the boat hurts me like this, the cars will kill me," for I supposed the boat would be much easier than the cars. He would give me all the morphine the surgeons had directed him to give, but he

saw it did not make me insensible to the pain, and began to fear he would not get me home alive. We reached Baltimore in due time, however, and as there were no sleeping cars in those days he had them take the back off of one seat and lay my stretcher across three seats, and then watched me very closely to see what effect the movement of the cars would have upon me. After I had been lying there some time, I remember saying to him in a very complaining tone, "John, why don't these cars start?" His face lightened up with a smile as he said, "Why, Jim, they have been running almost half an hour." I was greatly astonished, for I had not felt any pain from the motion and supposed the noise I had heard was the usual noise made in the depot so had no idea that the train had started. I was greatly under the influence of morphine or I would have known better. The fact was the motion of the car was as nothing compared to the jerky motion of the boat.

When we reached Philadelphia, I was so exhausted that my brother thought it best to take me to a hospital to rest. Here I came near meeting with a mishap. My stretcher was too wide to pass through the door of the cars and had to be tipped up edgeways, but I was lashed so tightly that it could be done easily enough if proper care was taken, but the men who did it here were careless in some way and came very near dropping me.

At this hospital I was taken off the stretcher and remained two or three days; then I was again lashed to the stretcher, put on the cars and taken to the Astor House, New York.

Mr. Stetson,—whose first name I think was Charles,—kept this house at that time. He had a large room on the office floor made into a bed-room for my use. I was taken off the stretcher, and we remained here two or three days that I might rest, and never could a father or mother have done more for the comfort of a son than Mr. and Mrs. Stetson did for me, filling my room with flowers and getting every little delicacy for me to eat that the physician, who had been called in, would permit, and when I was rested enough to go on, and my brother asked for the bill, Mr. Stetson would not take a penny, but assisted my brother in every way to get me to the cars for Buffalo.

I was firmly lashed to the stretcher again and placed in the same way in a car and taken to Buffalo. Here, still strapped to my stretcher, I was taken to my home on a spring wagon my friend Isaac D. White had sent to the depot for me, and in which he had placed two or three spring mattresses for my comfort. When I arrived home and was being carried through the gate, I saw my wife standing there, and, as I saw the tears streaming down her cheeks, I said, "Don't cry, Em, I am better than ten dead men."

Here brother John's special care of me ceased, but there can be no question that had it not been for his energy and perseverance I should never have seen home and friends again.

My young and loving wife had provided everything for my comfort, and with the aid of one of the best and most conscientious nurses, watched over me night and day for many months. She was my guardian angel, my loved one, and to her loving care do I also owe my life. God bless her.

Brother John and my wife each wrote a letter to Colonel Ward, who replied as follows:

"Camp near Richmond, June 12, 1862.

John C. Strong, Sir: I received your welcome letter of—— and I assure you it afforded my officers and myself much pleasure to learn that the Colonel has arrived home safely. I was somewhat fearful that the immense amount of fatigue incident to a man in his condition would not produce the best results. He will now, I am satisfied, rapidly recover, for to be with family and friends adds one-half to convalescence; with a devoted wife at the bedside of an invalid, and that invalid a devoted husband, no doubt can be entertained of the results. I am in command of the brigade, and if the generals over me have any influence at the War Department I shall be promoted to the permanent command, and if so, there will be a vacancy in the colonelcy, and rest assured, my dear sir, that no one will dare to take command of the 38th but James. It would be a dangerous experiment, at least, so tell him to get well as soon as he can, and take command of those who so well know how to appreciate him. I will, as soon as I have an opportunity (which I have not now), send him copies of all the reports. I received Mrs. Strong's letter, which I read to my officers, and need not say the tone and language used was worthy the wife of your noble brother. May God bless and preserve him. I presume you have heard of the battle of Fair Oaks. I can only say that the brigade drove, at the point of the bayonet, over five times their number. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

J. H. HOBART WARD."

Gen. Birney, commander of our brigade, in his official report of the battle of Williamsburg, says:

"Lieutenant Colonel Strong, Thirty-eighth, New York Regiment, deserves special mention for his gallant conduct. His wound, although disabling him, I am happy to report, is not mortal, and he will soon be returned to his regiment.

I am truly yours,

D. B. BIRNEY,
Brigadier General.

Lieutenant W. G. Sturges, A. A. General Kearney's Division."

I had not been home long before a committee of citizens—not knowing how seriously I was wounded—came, saying they had been sent to ask me if I would accept the colonelcy of a regiment of infantry then being raised in Buffalo. I thanked them for the compliment, but declined, feeling sure that should I become able to take command of a regiment I should return to the 38th.

For months my sufferings were intense, at times almost unbearable, but let even the memory of them pass into oblivion.

Gov. Morgan sent me my commission as colonel of the gallant old 38th in November. I had my brother write him that I was still unable to go to the front, and could not say as I ever would be. His reply was, in substance, we will wait and see, and did not recall the commission. My injured leg was so flexed that I knew I could never ride a horse again unless it could be straightened. Hearing of a specialist in Boston, he was written to and given a description of my case,

and replied that he could undoubtedly straighten me out all right by a process of his own. Although fearing I might be deceived, I was so anxious to get well that I concluded to try him, even against Dr. Miner's advice, and my wife accompanied me there. I soon found that his process would not do me any good, left him, and entered the Officers' Hospital, in Cammack's woods, Philadelphia. Here I remained under treatment nearly a month, and then returned to Buffalo. When I reached home, Governor Morgan was informed of my return and condition and in due time I was mustered into service as colonel of the 38th by Captain Sheldon Sturgeon, mustering officer of the U. S. Army, at Buffalo, N. Y., by *order* of Governor Morgan.

My leg was not yet straight and I insisted that it should be if within the possibilities, and begged Dr. Miner, who had been my physican and surgeon while in Buffalo, to straighten it. He said he would see about it when I had strength enough. This encouraged me, for I had great confidence in Dr. Julius F. Miner, and I at once began exerting all my will power upon the thought of getting strength enough to endure the operation, and almost daily would ask the doctor if he didn't think I could stand it now.

One day he brought with him Dr. Austin Flint, another of Buffalo's celebrated surgeons, for consultation. They concluded to operate, and fixed the time for the afternoon of the next day, when they came, and placing me under the influence of an anesthetic, performed the operation.

The next morning I remember asking Dr. Miner if I

had a straight leg, and his saying, "Oh, pretty straight." I said, "What do you put the pretty in for?" That word "pretty" indicated to me that my chances for a straight leg had vanished, for I felt sure that Dr. Miner would never have used that qualification had the operation been a success. He told me afterwards that my excessive will power had deceived them as to my strength.

After this I began to suffer terribly again from abscesses in the hip, and, feeling confident that I would never be able to ride a horse again in command of a regiment, tendered my resignation, but Secretary Stanton refused to accept it, and told a friend of mine that when I was able to do duty of any kind he had duty for me.

Thus things went on until the forepart of June, when I received a letter from the officers of the 38th, asking me to meet them in New York, if possible, where the regiment was to be mustered out, and lead them as their colonel, even if I had to ride in a carriage. This I did, and was mustered out with the regiment, as its colonel, June 22, 1863, and no colonel ever received a warmer welcome than I did from both officers and men.

The regiment had passed through several battles since I had been with it, and, it goes without saying, had done its duty well, and its ranks had become so thin that it was but a mere shadow of its former self. I have no way of telling how many were left, but remember that in the battle of Williamsburg alone the regiment lost one hundred and thirty-eight men and officers, in killed and wounded.

Although it had been only a little over a year since we had seen each other, I could see a great change in the appearance of the officers and men; their faces indicated that they had passed through great hardships. Some of the men who carried me off the field were there and I learned that some of the others had joined the ranks of those who had gone to their last reward.

As I listened to the stories told by several of the officers and men of what they had passed through since I was with them, I could but think that perhaps many of those who were not now with us endured sufferings to which mine would be as nothing in comparison.

Noble dead, *Requiescant in pace*; and may the *God* of peace hasten the time when wars shall be no more.

CHAPTER X.

On the 29th of September, 1863, President Lincoln appointed me a colonel in the Invalid Corps, and I was ordered to Columbus, Ohio, and to Louisville, Ky., to superintend the gathering together of troops which formed a regiment afterwards known as the 15th Regt. Invalid Corps. I was then ordered to Chicago, Ill., to relieve Brig. Gen. Ammon, who was in command of the Post, and Col. C. V. DeLand of the 1st Michigan sharp-shooters, who, with his regiment, was stationed at Camp Douglas, guarding the prisoners of war then collected there. Col. DeLand and his regiment went immediately to the front.

On the reorganization of the corps, President Lincoln commissioned me Colonel 15th Regt. Veteran Reserve Corps, with rank from the 29th of September, 1863. This commission I prize very highly, as it bears the autograph of our lamented President.

I remained at Chicago in command of the Post, and of Camp Douglas, until the number of prisoners became so great that my regiment, consisting of but four hundred officers and men—every one of whom was wounded—was not sufficient to guard them, and the 8th Regt. V. R. C. Col, and Bvt. Brig. Gen. Sweet, commanding, and the 24th Ohio Battery, Lieut. James W. Gamble, commanding, were sent to assist in guarding them, and as Gen. Sweet ranked me, he, of course, took

command of the Post. I was then ordered to Philadelphia, Pa., to begin closing up the camps throughout the country. This left Lieut. Col. Martin Flood—a most worthy officer—in command of the 15th V. R. C.

On reporting to Gen. Meade in Philadelphia, I was furnished the blanks prepared by the government for the closing up of the camps and began the work at "Camp William Penn," and "Camp Cadwallader." My commission as Brigadier General, by Brevet, was given by the President April 9, 1868, with rank from March 13th and I received it while here in Philadelphia.

It was while engaged in this work that, on account of my alleged resemblance to Gen. Grant—of which I had never before heard—I had a little experience of the annoyance and discomfort persons high in honor and popularity suffer.

While the catafalque bearing the remains of our beloved Lincoln was passing through Philadelphia, all the officers of the army present followed it, marching directly in the rear of it on foot, but as I could not march I was given permission to ride in a carriage next to these officers. The crowd of people was so great that the procession would be brought to a halt quite frequently, until the police could clear the way sufficiently for it to proceed. I had invited three wounded officers, who were unable to march, to ride with me. At one of the halts, one of these officers said he heard the crowd saying, "Grant is coming, Grant is coming in a carriage," and asked me if I thought it could be true. I said, "No, if Gen. Grant were here he would be marching with the other gen-

erals on foot, or if anything had happened to temporarily compel him to take a carriage it would certainly be in advance of us." We had started on during this conversation and soon noticed that we were being looked at much more than before, and that some would raise their hats as we passed, and one of these officers said, laughingly, "I believe, colonel, they think you are Gen. Grant." I ridiculed the idea, but when we came to the next halt, men began to crowd around and upon the carriage, wanting me to shake hands with them. My denying that I was Gen. Grant, and telling them I was only a wounded colonel, together with the three officers verifying my statements, and my throwing back my cape, thus showing a colonel's uniform, seemed to have but little weight. I then had the driver close the top of the carriage so that when we started on no one could see me, neither could we see out except through the glass in each door. I supposed this would end it, but no; when the procession came to the next halt, a man opened one of the doors, and looking me earnestly in the face, said, "Pretty good dodge, General, pretty good dodge to put on a colonel's uniform," and then turning around to the crowd, called out, "It is him, boys, it is him; I know him, a colonel's coat can't fool me." The crowd then began to surge upon the carriage to such an extent that I told the driver to call the police, which he did. I explained the situation to them, and asked them to get me out of the procession as soon as possible, which they promised to do, and as we started on gave some directions to the driver. It was not long before we knew by the motion of the carriage that the driver was

urging his horses into a trot, and through the glass in the doors could see we were passing into a street not lined with a crowd of people, and going at quite a rapid pace. We soon found, however, that quite a crowd was following us and running along on each side of the carriage, and heard them say, "He's going to the Continental." On hearing that, one of the officers partly opened one of the doors and called out, "Go to the Continental," and had the satisfaction of seeing a large portion of the crowd turn on to a street leading toward that hotel. On going a block or two farther, we found the street blocked by street-cars which had been stopped by the procession crossing their track. The carriage was surrounded by about fifty men who insisted that I was Gen. Grant and nothing we could say would convince them to the contrary. The one who seemed to be the leader finally said, "Well, General, if you will shake hands with us we will be satisfied." It proved to be quite a painful operation, my hand and shoulder pained me for several days afterwards. I could but think that, if shaking hands with so few causes so much pain, what must be the effect upon our great men who are sometimes compelled to shake hands with hundreds.

I was driven to the place where I was stopping—it is unnecessary to say it was not the Continental Hotel—and two of the officers went to that hotel to see what was going on. When they returned, they reported that there was a great crowd around it calling for Gen. Grant, and that when the proprietor came out on to the balcony and told them that Gen. Grant was not there, and had not been there, they would call

him a —— liar, and keep on calling, "Grant! Grant!" When I afterwards saw Gen. Grant, he said he had heard of my having been mistaken for him on that occasion, and laughed merrily over it.

I was kept closing up camps throughout the country, and not mustered out of service until June 30, 1866, when, on returning to Buffalo, N. Y., I resumed the duties of civil life under many great disadvantages on account of my having been so seriously wounded.

When the government organized a corps of four regiments consisting entirely of wounded officers and men for the regular army, I was offered a commission and desired to accept it, but my wife and brother John thought I had better not, and I followed their advice. It proved to be a great mistake, however, financially, at least, for within two years Congress passed an act mustering them all out of the service and placing all the officers on the retired list of the regular army at the highest rank they had ever held in the volunteer service.

In the fall of 1892, I went abroad and lectured through England on the North American Indian, spent some time in Paris, but did not speak the French language well enough to lecture in it, for which I was very sorry, for I think the subject would have been very interesting to the French people.

When in London, I had boarded and made my headquarters at a family hotel in Kensington Gardens, and on returning from Paris went to this same hotel, and remained until the date of the sailing of the steamer *City of New York*, from

Liverpool. I had been told she was one of the largest and finest afloat, and never having sailed on one of that size, sent my baggage on by express, because railroads did not check baggage in England in those days, and when I arrived, had it taken on board, engaged my stateroom, and then enjoyed myself seeing them load such an immense steamer. When it came meal time I was assigned a seat at the captain's table, which was in an alcove off from the main dining hall, and would accommodate only six persons. On the opposite end from the captain sat a very gentlemanly looking man somewhat past middle life, who seemed to be much interested in a story I told at the table and asked me some questions, which resulted in our getting into a very pleasant conversation. At Queenstown we happened to meet just as I was coming up on deck from my stateroom, when he asked me where my stateroom was. On my telling him, he said, "Is that a matter of choice?" I smilingly answered, "You know, sir, that we are not always permitted to take our choice of the good things of this world." He smiled and calling one of the waiter boys told him to "Tell Mr. Kinzey to come here." Mr. Kinzey was the purser of the boat, and when he came, he doffed his hat most politely and stood at attention like a soldier ready to receive orders. I had begun to wonder who this gentleman could be, for I had not been introduced to him or even heard his name. "Mr. Kinzey, is No. 57 engaged?" "No, sir." "Please have it put in order;" and looking at me said, "Let us walk in here for a moment," and leading the way took me into the smoking room and offered me a cigar. As I did not

smoke, I thanked him and wondered what would happen next. Presently he tapped a call-bell, and, when the boy came, he said, "Tell Captain Jamison to come here." I was puzzled enough before, but this deepened the enigma. Who could this person be who had power to order not only the purser, but the captain of this great and beautiful steamer, to come to him at will? When the captain came, my friend said, "Captain Jamison, I am sorry I am not going over with you this trip, but Gen. Strong is and I wish you to give him the freedom of the boat." The captain said he would be happy to do so, and politely excusing himself left. He then sent for the chief engineer and when introducing him said, "There is some very fine machinery in this boat which I think you would enjoy seeing, and I am sure Mr. —— (whose name I have forgotten) would be pleased to show it to you." While we were talking with the engineer, the purser appeared and said, "No. 57 is in order, sir." My friend then turned to me, saying, "Let us see how it looks." We followed the purser, who, on arriving at No. 57 opened the door and then stepped aside. My still unknown friend passed into the room, and turning to me said, "Permit me to present you this stateroom for the trip," and as he extended his hand said, "The tender has been waiting for me, and I must bid you good-bye." As I grasped his hand I said, "I beg pardon, sir, but kindly tell me to whom I am indebted for this kindness." He then handed me his card, which simply had on it "James Spence," and wished me *bon voyage*. I thanked him most cordially and followed him to the rail where he passed down on to the tender, and as it

steamed away we each waved our farewells until the waving handkerchiefs could be seen no longer.

Returning to my new stateroom, I found it to be a large double room, finely furnished and beautifully upholstered with every convenience attached, and was told by the purser that Mr. Spence was the managing owner of that line of steamers, residing in England, and that the stateroom I now occupied was the "Bridal Chamber." The purser sent the stateroom steward to me, and it was not long before he arranged the rooms as I wished, and I was enjoying my new quarters to my heart's content.

The next morning, not feeling well, I did not appear at the breakfast table and the purser came to see me and offered to send me a bottle of champagne, saying, "You know you have the freedom of the boat, and whatever you wish you can have without cost." I thanked him, but declined the champagne. By dinner time I felt well enough to take my seat at the table, and was all right during the remainder of the trip. After arriving home I received a letter from Mr. Spence in which he gave me his private address, and invited me to be his guest whenever I came to England. I replied, and sincerely regret to say that some time afterwards I received a letter from his son informing me of his father's death.

I mention this change of staterooms in this sketch as it made a very pleasant incident in my life, and one that came to me in such a pleasing manner from a perfect stranger.

During the next few years nothing of special interest occurred and as I grew older the cold winters did not agree

with me. I was taken with a bronchial cough and my physician advised a warmer climate. We therefore decided to move, and in January, 1896, I came with my family to Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, California, where I still reside.

CHAPTER XI.

Our home in California has been upon a ranch of sixty-three acres, most beautifully located on the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, overlooking the Santa Clara Valley, our house standing about one and a half miles from the Post Office in Los Gatos, ten miles from San Jose, and about fifty-five from San Francisco. When we came here there was no connection with the outside world, other than wagon roads, except a narrow gauge railroad with a third rail, between San Jose and Los Gatos; now there is a trolley line passing within a half mile of our house, which runs from San Jose to Los Gatos and back by a circuitous route through all the towns, then on to Palo Alto and beyond. The narrow gauge has lengthened and expanded into a system, which, since it has recovered from the damages it received in April, 1906, has sometimes run twenty-eight passenger trains a day through Los Gatos, and half that number or more in dull times. We have a telephone in the house, and could have electric lights, etc., if we wished. I mention these facts to show how rapidly the West improves.

At the time the Lewis and Clark Exposition was held at Portland, Oregon, I received a cordial invitation from my relatives residing there to visit them, and with my son, Stuart, went first to the house of my nephew, Thomas Nelson Strong, and while there he gave us a delightful trip on the Willamette and Columbia rivers. It was at his house also I met William

James Strong, brother William's youngest son, who was named after his father and myself, and was a babe only five weeks old when I last saw him, and now a man with a family of grown children. I could hardly realize that he could be the same person.

In a short time we were invited to make our home at the house of one of my widowed nieces, and while at her house I was invited by my niece, Mrs. Willson (a daughter of brother John, whose home was in Philadelphia), to accompany herself and two children on a pleasure trip to Alaska. We went by rail from Portland to Seattle, where we took the mail steamer, which visited every port on the route. I had never been to Victoria, Juneau, Sitka or Skagway, so it was an entirely new country to me. I amused myself at several of the landings talking with the Indians, who were trying to sell their "Tenas icta" (little things), and I was surprised to see how much of the "Chinook Jargon" I had remembered.

The climate of Skagway was very different from what I expected. I was shown some very large sized potatoes that had been grown in the hotel garden, and it was now only August, and I never saw flowers more abundant or more beautiful than those in Skagway and when the steamer left there the tables were loaded down with flowers that had been given to the ladies.

Sitka, at which we stopped on our return from Skagway was a place of much interest to me, for in preparing the lectures I gave in England on the North American Indians, I had made quite a study of the manner in which the Russians

had treated them in the long ago, and had a stereopticon slide representing the Greek Church, and one representing the four totem posts located on the bank of the Indian river, a short distance from Sitka, which I rode out to see. I could but contrast the great change that had taken place since the United States purchased the country. Now, there was a fine school not only for the whites but to which Indians were admitted, and everything bore the imprint of civilization, culture and kindness. We were twelve days on this trip, and it was certainly the most picturesque I had ever taken, and in connection with what I saw about Portland, Oregon City, the Cascades and Cathlamet—for all my relatives seemed to vie with each other in giving me a good time—gave me an excellent opportunity to see how Oregon and Washington had changed during the forty-nine years since I had been there, and when I made a mental picture of the country as it was when I first saw it, I was lost in amazement.

A few years prior to my coming to live in California brother William and his wife had died, so I did not have the pleasure of seeing either of them. Every one of his children who were still living, and the widow of his son Curtis—the baby boy who came around Cape Horn with us—and also the widow of his son Frederick R.—the first child born at Cathlamet—lived in Portland, and never could an uncle receive more heartfelt love and kindness than they all gave me.

My son and myself came back to San Francisco by boat, and in February, 1906, I was taken very ill, being confined to my bed for many weeks, and by the eighteenth of April—

the date of the great earthquake—I was still quite feeble and exceedingly nervous; fortunately our house was not much injured, while in San Francisco and San Jose great damage was done, and every railroad tunnel on the line running through the Santa Cruz Mountains was destroyed to such an extent that it required over two years to rebuild them, as the company took this opportunity to change the track from narrow to standard gauge, and to double-track the whole road.

The shock, however, affected my nerves and general health very much, and in June my physician told me I must take a trip somewhere, that a change was absolutely necessary, and through the kindness of my niece, Mrs. Mary T. Strong, widow of brother William's son, Frederick R., I was enabled to take an extended trip East, accompanied by my son, Stuart. The trip was very enjoyable and beneficial. We left Los Gatos the forepart of July, and arrived at my son Edward's house in Buffalo, N. Y., on the tenth.

I was very much surprised at the changes that had taken place in Buffalo, during the ten years since I had seen it, not only in the parks and streets, but in the location of the large business houses. Those on Main Street had all been moved up town, and everything was so changed as to make it look quite like another city.

My son Edward and his wife had visited us several times since we moved to Los Gatos, and had told us about many of these changes, but I had not realized them, and therefore had retained in memory a picture of Buffalo as it was ten years before. Many friends called to see me, and Mrs. Letchworth

(the other daughter of brother John), and her husband, who were still occupying their city house on account of illness in their family, did everything they could to give me pleasure, placing sometimes an auto, and sometimes a carriage, at my disposal. Part of my time was occupied calling upon friends, and part in seeing the changes that had taken place. One place of great interest to me was the cemetery.

Many years prior to moving to California I had gone to Rushville, and removed the remains of father and mother to Buffalo, and they were placed under a double stone in brother John's lot in Forest Lawn Cemetery.

After remaining in Buffalo about a month and my health not improving as much as I had hoped, I called in a physician who advised me to try some other climate. I was greatly discouraged, as I had hoped to get better results from my trip, but consider myself one of the most fortunate of mortals in having so many kind friends.

My youngest brother's widow, Mrs. Julia A strong, was living with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Helen S. Parker, at Galesville, Wisconsin, both of whom asked me to visit them; so when my sons had made every arrangement possible for my comfort on the trip, we left Buffalo.

My niece met us at a station before reaching Galesville, and escorted us to her home. My sister-in-law was the only one living who had known my mother intimately, and she loved her dearly, so it can well be imagined we greatly enjoyed talking over the long ago; and my niece and her children did

everything that could be done to add to my comfort and pleasure.

We remained here about a month, and then left for home, arriving in due time without a mishap, thanks to a kind Providence, and to the watchful care and attention of my son Stuart, and I can never repay the debt of gratitude I owe to those who so kindly contributed to my comfort and pleasure.

My health has improved very much since my return, and I am now fairly well for a man of my age and condition. As I grow older my wounded hip grows weaker, and I become more nervous, but that is to be expected.

Last year (1909) I had occasion to make an inquiry in the "National Tribune," a paper published in Washington, D. C., and in a short time I was greatly pleased to receive a letter from each of three sergeants of the old 38th, all of whom assisted in carrying me off the field the night I fell; one of them was over ninety years old when he wrote. They learned that I was still in the land of the living from seeing my address attached to that inquiry, and their letters were most cordial and friendly.

Had the war been with a foreign foe, the victors would not have been called upon to forgive and forget, but it was not; it was a family quarrel; a fight between brothers to divide, or virtually to obtain control of the home, and now as it is ended, it is the duty of both parties to forget and forgive. As for myself, although my hopes and ambitions in life were ruined by the shot of that Confederate soldier, I could take him by the hand as a brother.

I have sometimes tried to imagine, however, what this country would have been had our Confederate brothers won the victory, and have asked myself, would it be as it now is, one of the great and glorious countries of the world?

At the time of the battle of Williamsburg, Va., the 38th N. Y. belonged to Gen. Kearney's Division, and each and every one of us believed the truth of the motto in the badge of that Division:

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

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